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# STAG®

vol. 28, no. 6 / june 1977



page 12



page 16



page 28



page 49



page 88

## CONTENTS

6 YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX

8 STAG CONFIDENTIAL

11 SEXUALLY YOURS, LORI REMONDO

12 CALL GIRL: FOR LESBIANS ONLY  
by Billie Conway as told to John Duggan

16 FOREIGN "TERROR TEAMS"—  
THEY'RE LOOSE IN YOUR TOWN  
by Josh Logan

19 STAGDATE BETTY POOLE:  
THE BRIDE WORE YELLOW

24 THE VICE REPORT THAT WAS TOO HOT  
TO PUBLISH  
by Alfred Travers as edited by Roland Empey

28 HOW TO SUE AND COLLECT by H. L. Jacobs

32 ULTIMATE FOREPLAY by Robert Laguardia

38 STAG PARTY GAGS

44 WHY OLDER WOMEN ARE BETTER IN BED  
by R. W. Wilson, Ph.D.

49 STAGDATE MIMI FONTAINE:  
WINE BEFORE BED

59 "THE MOST SHOCKING SEX ACT  
I EVER PERFORMED"  
edited by Dr. Jane S. Calder

66 STAGDATES JUDY LOBELL AND JODY CHESTER:  
RECORDING SESSION

79 STAGDATE HAPPY O'RYAN AND AUDIE JOHNSON:  
HOOKED ON KISSING

86 MAN'S WORLD MEMO

88 RITA'S ANGLE by Wayne C. Ulsh

93 THAT'S THE LAW

96 JUST BETWEEN US

---

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# YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX

By Hermann K. Wolff, Ph. D.

**Is it true that lesbians, because they are women, have greater skills at satisfying other women than any man could?**

*S.S., Guam*



The vast majority of women do not respond nearly so well to stimulation by a lesbian as to stimulation by a man who is a competent lover. It is true that women have a greater knowledge about what stimulates other women than inexperienced men have, but experienced men are at least equally adept in most cases—and in any event, there are psychological elements in heterosexual union that normally cannot be found in homosexual relationships.

**I'm an 18-year-old girl. Is it true that too much sex can drive you crazy?**

*S.T., Oregon*

Medically and psychologically, there is no such thing as "too much" sex. Neither is there any evidence that people become emotionally disturbed because of any given amount of sexual activity, although people may have anxiety or other emotional reactions because of circumstances under which that activity takes place.

**You are always touting the nudie beaches of California. How about listing some good ones here on the East Coast—especially in southern states?**

*M.B., Georgia*

Sad to say, if there are any public nude beaches—or even easily accessible private ones—in the Southeast, they're

a deep dark secret. Some beaches in Florida periodically attract nudes, but there usually is a police crackdown as soon as they are publicized. Nude beaches can be found on Martha's Vineyard and Cape Cod in Massachusetts and on Fire Island in New York. But I know of no nude action anywhere from New Jersey to Georgia. If any readers know of nude beaches in these states, I'd appreciate hearing about them.

**What percentage of the male population has ever had homosexual relations?**

*F.D., Manitoba*

Studies indicate that about one third of all men have had homosexual relations to orgasm at least once between puberty and age 35.

**Is it true that there are brothels in France that specialize in group sex?**

*R.K., Minnesota*



Quite a few, most of them in Paris and Nice.

**What is a good way to make a lazy partner get more active in bed? I love my wife, but man, she just lies there and does nothing!**

*J.G., Delaware*

First, tell her what you'd like her to do. Many women simply do not know what men want. Secondly, work hard at giving her plenty of stimulation during foreplay. If she's highly aroused, she should do some moving strictly spontaneously. In addition, she probably will be more highly motivated to arouse you and to move in ways that please you.

**I sometimes have potency problems with a new girl. Last week I was with a**

**chick who really knew how to solve them. As I tried to enter her, I lost about 2/3 of my erection. She reached between our bodies, made a ring around the base of my penis with her thumb and baby finger, then pressed with the other fingers against the area beneath my scrotum. I instantly became erect again, and we had great sex. What I want to know is, how did this technique produce an erection?**

*R.E., Ontario*

Erection results from engorgement of the penis with blood, which happens mainly because of excitement—that is, psychological stimulation. What your partner did was put pressure on the penis in such a way that it seemed more erect to you and made vaginal penetration easier. The improvement in your erection was not a direct result of this technique but of heightened excitement. This, in turn, probably was caused by (a) your being touched; (b) stimulation of the penis by the warmth inside her vagina; (c) confidence in your erection when her finger pressure made you seem stiffer.

**I've had only oral sex for the past 9 months and have developed a painful, white penile discharge. I consulted a urologist, who told me this was to be expected from oral sex, which is a filthy and unnatural act. He said I was lucky**



**not to be sicker and should give up this disgusting practice immediately. Should I seek a second opinion?**

*E.G., Montana*

*(Continued on page 56)*

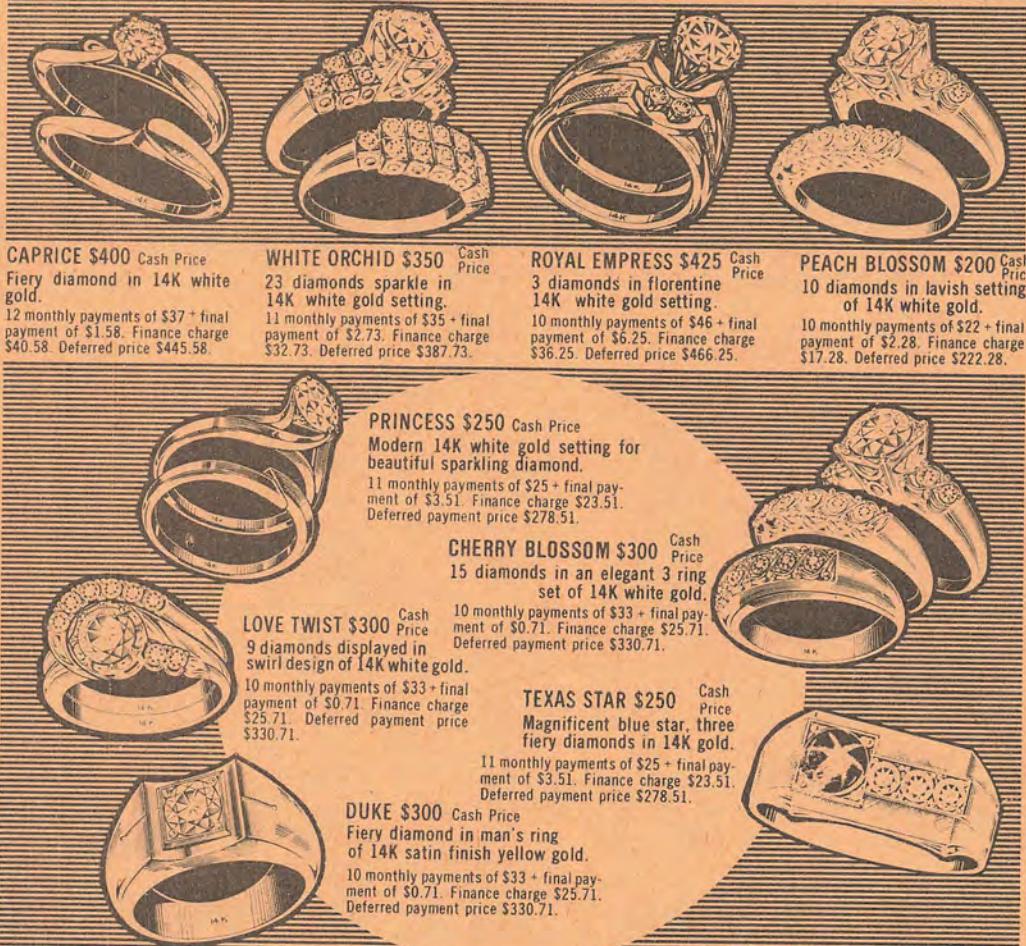
Dr. Wolff cannot reply to readers' questions individually, but the interesting questions received monthly will be answered in this column. Address all queries to Dr. Hermann K. Wolff, c/o STAG, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



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# STAG Confidential



Oral Sex—Only One Out Of Every 25 Who've Tried It Knocks It

ONE-TIME ORAL SEX IS ALMOST UNHEARD OF. ONCE A GIRL TRIES IT, SHE USUALLY IS HOOKED. SURVEYS SHOW THAT FOR EVERYONE WHO TAKES THE PLUNGE AND HATES IT, 25 CAN'T WAIT TO GET IT ON AGAIN. THIS INCLUDES BEING ON THE GIVING AS WELL AS RECEIVING END--WITH EITHER A MAN OR ANOTHER FEMALE...

If a married woman is going to cheat, figure she'll do most of her out-of-wedlock balling during the week. Best time to catch her in the act is either Wednesday or Thursday p.m.--biggest action nights for adultery...

1976 TURNED UP THE HIGH-EST DESERTION RATE ON RECORD FOR THE U.S. NAVY. SO FAR, TOP BRASS HASN'T A CLUE AS TO WHY, BUT A SPECIAL STUDY GROUP IS HARD AT WORK RIGHT NOW TRYING TO TRACK IT DOWN...

The first sexual act between a man and woman is usually the most neglected once the relationship goes on for any length of time. What always starts with a kiss, usually winds up with hardly any lip-to-lip action. Especially among married couples, the amount of passionate kissing decreases as they get into more sophisticated oral routines--such as tonguing each other's crotches...

HOW SAFE ARE OUR NA-

TIONAL PARKS? IN 1974, OUT OF 200,000,000 VISITORS, 155 WERE KILLED, 3,400 INJURED ACCIDENTALLY...

American merchant mariners voted Odessa, USSR, the best shore leave town around the world. With blue jeans selling there for as much as \$100 on the black market, sailors take a suitcaseful ashore with them, sell them as they go, then screw their way through every sex spot in town--returning to ship sexually exhausted, but with hundreds of bucks stashed away in their money belts...

ACCORDING TO A RECENT JAPANESE STUDY, EIGHT OUT OF EVERY TEN SUDDEN DEATHS THAT OCCUR DURING SEXUAL INTERCOURSE INVOLVE PEOPLE ENGAGED IN ILLICIT RELATIONSHIPS...

Unexpected backlash of the civil war in Lebanon: Wildly accelerated hashish trade. With the collapse of law and order, hash farmers have doubled their acreage and are enjoying the biggest boom of their lives. Top customer: Egypt. Next in line: France and Holland...

THINK MISS UNIVERSE CONTESTANTS HAVE ONE CONTINUOUS SWING? SAID ONE, "I WAS SO GOOD, I MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE BEEN A NUN." "I ALWAYS KEPT A PACKAGE OF CONTRACEPTIVES IN MY PURSE, BUT NEVER

OPENED THEM," CONFESSED ANOTHER. ONE WINNER CLAIMED SHE WAS STILL A VIRGIN WHEN SHE ENDED HER YEAR'S REIGN. AND ONE MAN, WHO BRAGGED HE HAD SLEPT WITH THREE MISS WORLDS, HAD THIS TO ADD, "ALL THREE LEFT SOMETHING TO BE DESIRED"...

Wealthy suburbs being plagued by "the man who came to dinner" thief. While guests drink and dine at one end of the house, this second story burglar ransacks the bedroom where their coats and purses are stored...

TAKE IT FROM THE SUPERINTENDANT OF NEW YORK'S TROUBLED ATTICA PRISON: LONG PRISON TERMS CAN SOMETIMES WRECK ATTEMPTS TO REHABILITATE PRISONERS. MORE THAN 12-14 YEARS IN



Long-Timers Just Don't Hack It

THE SLAMMER, ACCORDING TO HIM, "ISN'T DOING THEM ANY GOOD. IT MAKES THEM BITTER"...

Saigon's famous Hotel Rex, scene of the wildest sex brawls of the wartime jet set, is now being toned down to a sedate tourist complex of hotel rooms, shopping malls, swimming pools, etc...

L.A. HOOKERS HAVE BEEN TAKING TO THE ROAD. POSING AS HITCHHIKERS, THEY HOP IN, PROPOSITION YOU IN PRIVATE, SERVICE YOU RIGHT IN YOUR OWN CAR IF YOU

PREFER, THEN TAKE OFF. PREVENTS VICE COPS FROM BUSTING THEM FOR SOLICITING...

Illegitimate first births seem to have stabilized among whites--6.4% among 25-30-year-old mothers, but have jumped among the comparable group of blacks--38%...

30% OF ALL NIGHT NURSES ADMIT TO HAVING SEX WITH PATIENTS THEY DIG. DE-



Nights Are For Hospital-Bed Balling

PENDING ON HOW ILL THE MEN ARE, NURSES WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM MANUALLY, ORALLY OR, IF THE COAST IS CLEAR, BY A GOOD LONG SESSION OF HOSPITAL-BED FUCKING...

When asked whether they preferred to have an orgasm through oral sex or intercourse, 74% of the women interviewed chose intercourse as against 68% of the men...

HALF THE WORLD'S PEOPLE LIVE IN FOUR COUNTRIES: CHINA, INDIA, RUSSIA AND THE U.S. TO FIND THE REST OF THE EARTH'S INHABITANTS, YOU'LL HAVE TO VISIT MORE THAN 160 OTHER NATIONS...

Something screwy is going on among the Dani tribe of West New Guinea. Couples abstain from sex for four to six years after a child is born;

courting couples do not make love and wait two years after their wedding ceremony before having sex; in a recent two-year period, only one incidence of adultery was reported; but strangest of all, Dani men and women do not resort to masturbation, homosexuality or bestiality as substitutes...

TAKE IT FROM THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT ITSELF: ALMOST HALF THE ENLISTED MEN IN OUR ARMED FORCES ARE REGULAR DRUG USERS...

Snow tires are designed for cold weather use only. Riding them during the summer permits dangerous heat buildup that can cause rapid wear and tread separations...

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Ford Motor Co. has a secret file, according to columnist Jack Anderson, listing evidence that, for

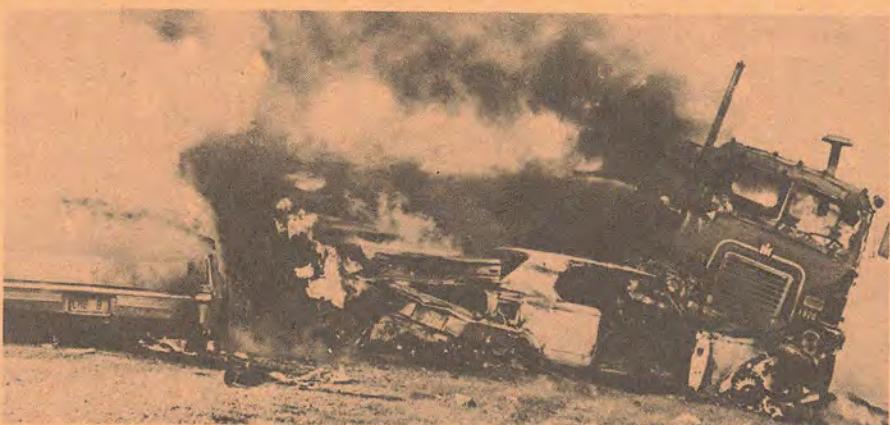
lisions...

AMONG REASONS GIVEN BY A LARGE GROUP OF WOMEN INTERVIEWED ON WHY THEY LOVED ORAL SEX: "IT'S NEAT AND TIDY." "YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BIRTH CONTROL." "GREAT IF YOU'RE TRYING TO GIVE UP SMOKING." "WHEN DIETING, I CAN HAVE MY LOVER FOR LUNCH. NO HIGH FOOD BILLS, HARDLY ANY CALORIES, AND IT HOLDS ME TILL DINNER"...

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Got a sex problem that needs the no-nonsense opinion of an expert? Send your letters to Lori Remondo, the X-rated queen of South American porno films, and follow these pages for her personal replies.

# Sexually Yours, Lori Remondo

## INSTANT REPLAY

Dear Lori: I won a SONY home videotape recorder in a raffle at the annual carnival our local volunteer fire department has every year. My wife and I didn't know what we were going to do with it. Neither of us were ever enthusiastic about making home movies. Then, on the way home, I said that the only thing we could do with it, really, was to tape ourselves fucking to see what it looked like. We both looked at each other then. The lightbulbs lit up over our heads at the same time. I stepped hard on the gas. Yeah.

We didn't mess around with anything fancy that first time. We hammered our way through an ordinary missionary style quickie. We wanted to see how we looked right away. I'll say this; surprisingly, Lynnie came quicker than I'd ever known her to come. It was like the machine was really somebody peeking at us, she said. And she was surprised, but she found the fantasy that someone was watching excited her.

This SONY is the kind you can play back whatever you've taped on your own TV. We didn't even get dressed for the show. And we almost fell off the couch laughing so hard. Yet, we learned some things . . . like, her toes curl when she's having an orgasm . . . like, my sperm and her juices foam up between us when we're doing it . . . And, like, watching yourself and your wife screw in instant replay, slow motion if you want it, you get horny to do it all over again . . .

We've tried all sorts of things since then to see how we look. And because

we know we're going to see how we look, we try all sorts of new things. Sex is better than it's ever been between us. Videotape. Yeah. I recommend it. Watching your own wife on her knees embracing your thighs and going crazy giving you head is a mindblower . . .

J.K.

Hicksville, N.Y.

What you are describing is not new. I see it happen all the time in making films. There's something about the exhibitionist-voyeur relationship inevitable in any filming that turns people into sexual gorillas. In the old censorship days before X-rated film freedoms, though, I am told that such spontaneous eroticism could be a problem. Producers always had to worry about someone in the bacchanal scenes of the big Biblical films being carried away and really doing it, and causing the film to be banned somewhere. I am told that Cecil B. DeMille had to throw out an important banquet scene in "The Ten Commandments" and shoot it all over again because some woman was going down on some man through a bunch of grapes.

## FAINT OF HEART

Dear Lori: Some people who write to you explain things too much. I'll get right to the point. I screwed this girl I'd just met in a disco. Just when she grunted that she was coming, she turned blue-skinned and passed out. She came back about ten minutes later and said oops, she'd done it again—fainted

when she was having an orgasm . . . It was embarrassing when it happened. She should have told me that before she fainted, I said. I'd already called the police for help and an ambulance was on the way.

It scared the crap out of me. Some of my friends say women with epilepsy will pass out sometimes when they have orgasms. But they've never seen it personally. How much of this can a man expect in a lifetime?

B.M.

Saint Joseph, Missouri

Not much. But if you are still seeing this woman, or if you should meet others such as she (odds pretty high against), you do not really need to fear or panic. There are women—and a few men—who faint at the peak of an orgasm if it is truly a body convulser. In Spanish we call it la muerte pequena, or little death. It does not mean such women are ill. It means they like it.

## HONEY POT

Dear Lori: Honey is a great substitute for vaginal lube when you're out of the real thing and there isn't any store-bought lube around.

Just thought I'd tell you, if you didn't know.

Pass it on.

M.N.

Burlington, Vermont

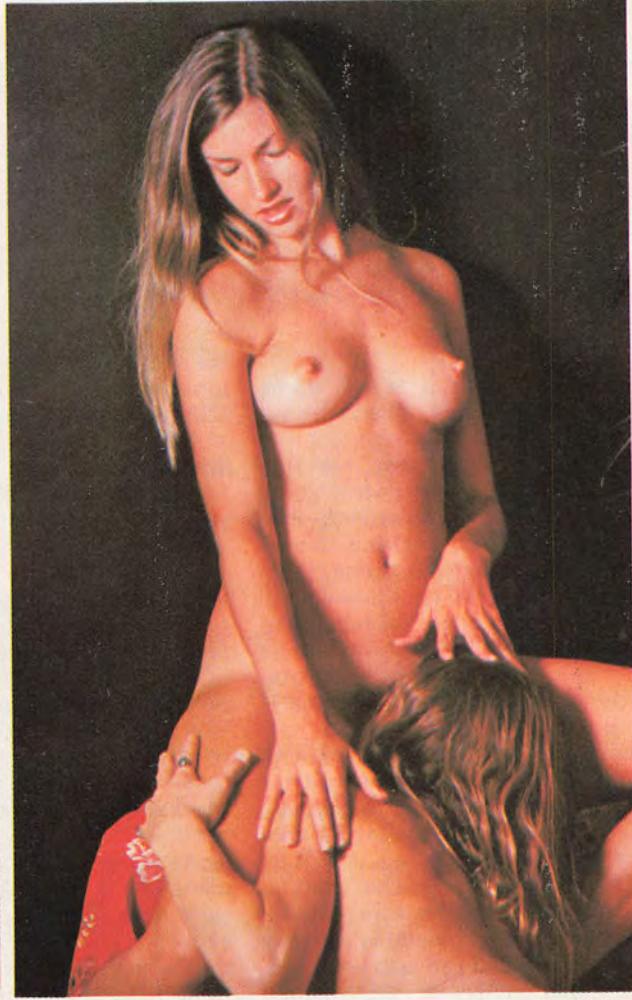
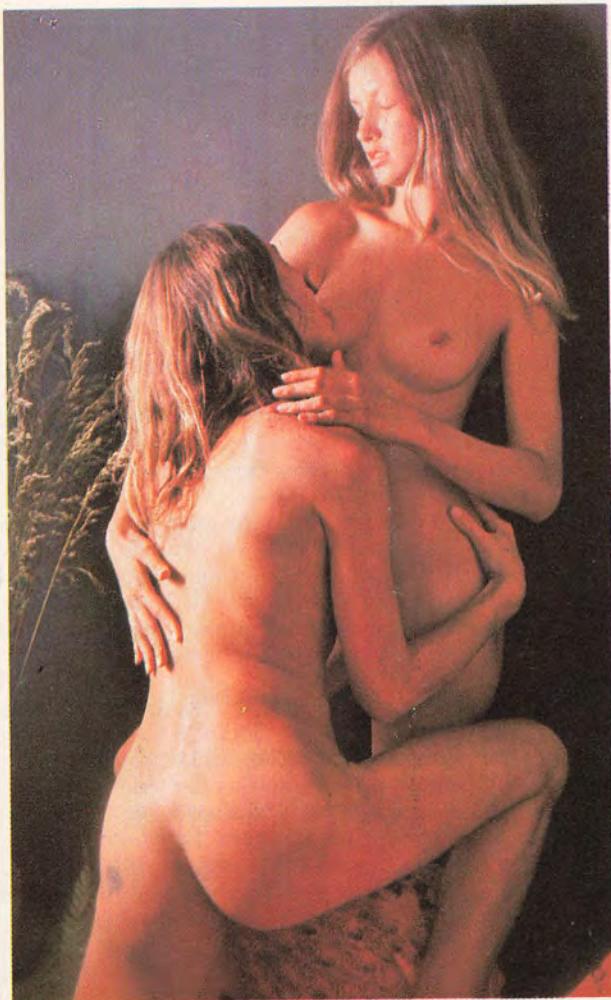
Honey is a great substitute for vaginal lube when you're out of the real thing and there isn't any store-bought lube

(Continued on page 78)

# CALL GIRL

## FOR LESBIANS ONLY

by BILLIE CONWAY  
as told to JOHN DUGGAN



No one knows how to get a woman off better than another woman—and this pro reveals the sex secrets that can only be found in No Man's Land.

I was at a party one evening when Bobbi D. came up to me. Bobbi D. is only the greatest, sweetest-looking all-American female star on television.

She said, "I heard you're great in bed."

I said, "Uh-huh."

She said, "Of course, I only make it with men. But I'd love to try it once, just to find out what it's like."

I said, "Uh-huh."

I didn't say too much, but I knew what was up.

Before the end of the night she paid me two hundred to go into the cloak room with her and make it on a pile of coats. The guy she came with was watching, but he didn't get into it. She wasn't paying for *him*, I guess. I didn't have to do a thing. Bobbi D. just went wild the minute I got the long skirt she was wearing up past the middle of her thighs. She started coming and she didn't stop, and she got on to me so much I came, too—a couple of times.

Then she said, "Well it was interesting, but I just



have to have a man."

To which I replied, "Well at least now you know what it's like."

Part of that story got into the papers when they wrote about me, but they got it all wrong. They tried to make it look like some blackmail or extortion thing. They didn't print Bobbi D.'s name; they just said a "top star." But they got my name right. They always get the call girl's name right—I wonder why.

Actually, the papers are trying to make it look like I'm some kind of specialist in kickbacks and payola, and they're calling me the Queen of the Lesbians. Which is ridiculous, because I've always taken straight tricks, and I dig fucking as much as any woman on the block, to say the least.

I'm a call girl, all right. I've got an apartment which costs me \$800.00 a month. I've got a couple of thousand dollars worth of clothes, and I've got a big bank account. I didn't get any of that at 22 by sitting behind a typewriter and dating the boss in my spare time.

And a lot of my tricks are women. I'm good at it; even Bobbi D. knew my reputation. But I happen to think that's as straight as any other kind of sex. That's the part people don't understand, about me or any other woman. Even my boyfriend. . . .

"It's weird," he said. "You'd never think Bobbi's a dyke."

"Maybe she's not a dyke," I said. "Maybe when she stuck her nose into my ass, it just turned her on. Maybe it's natural."

"Yeah, that's what she said. That's the weird part."

I tell him these stories to give him an erection. And there's nothing like the feeling of an erect cock inside you! But I'll tell you something I've never told him:

---

## "...Massaging her with the bath water, I gave her a long 'slow-burn' orgasm—the kind that keeps coming back and keeps getting better."

---

With a woman, it's the pussy that counts, and I know things about playing with a woman's cunt and clitoris he hasn't begun to learn.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I was seventeen I was in modeling school, but I couldn't afford it. The head of the school was named Ginny. She was an ex-model, about 35. Her husband was the business manager.

One day I said, "Ginny, I have to quit school."

She replied, "You're a pretty girl. You've got a future as a model. I'll give you a scholarship, but you'll have to do me some favors."

I said, "Okay, you name it."

I really wanted money. Models make money, and I'd never had any in my life. Neither had my mother or father. They both worked, but my father had three ex-wives and their families to support. And there were three other girls in my family. This was right here in L.A. My father worked in an aircraft factory.

Ginny set me up with dates, men she said were business connections who

phoned her just to have a girl to buy dinner for when they were in town. Right after the first one, Ginny wanted to know what had happened. I told her: he bought me dinner, then took me up to his hotel room and opened his fly. I sucked him off till he came and then I went home.

It seemed to make her real hot. She said she had a modeling job for me, but I had to strip for her, because she wanted to check my body. Pretty soon her hands were all over me, and then her mouth was between my legs.

"You like it, don't you!"

"I don't know," I said. "I guess so."

"I'm going to turn you on like nothing you've ever heard of."

Ginny did teach me some things. One of the sessions with her was the first time I ever used a vibrator—or had one used on me. I came about twenty-five times in a row. It started to hurt.

"Please, stop, it's hurting," I was screaming.

"Beg me, you bitch! Beg me to stop!"

"Please, please stop, I can't stand it, it's too much."

It really was too much. But when I used it on her, she seemed to be able to relax and just keep coming and coming, like it was some kind of endurance test.

But I wasn't as inexperienced as Ginny thought. Women have always liked me for sex. When I was just a kid in high school, the older girls had this sexy gang they ran in, and they made me screw their boyfriends to get into it. But it was really me they were after. After each one of those parties, I had to stay afterwards and go through all the girls who were left, making love to them one by one.

I stayed six months with Ginny. And then, just before my eighteenth birthday, I started thinking. Those girls in high school never did invite me to any of the



good parties. And Ginny was never really going to make me a model. So, for the first time, I started doing these things for myself, and I turned pro.

I just stopped going to the modeling school. I already had plenty of men calling me back on their own, without going through Ginny first. And then there were the girls from the gay bars. I never realized before that women would actually pay for it, just like a man would. But they will, sometimes even more, even though women like to be stingy.

\* \* \* \*

"I'm not—satisfied," Jackie is saying.

"C'mon over, I'll satisfy you," I say.

"I'm scared," Jackie says.

But she comes over. It isn't me she's scared of. My boyfriend is there. Not *this* boyfriend. Another one. And Jackie's just coming off a heavy scene with me and this lady advertising executive, Agnes. Agnes likes them young and pretty like Jackie because she's forty-five and fat herself.

But my boyfriend is watching the whole thing from the peephole in the next room, because he was there when everybody came up, and I didn't have time to get rid of him. So he comes out with a cock about three yards long and starts playing with me while Jackie looks on with big eyes. I don't figure on any competition from Jackie. I've got great tits and a nice ass, I'm still not twenty-one, and it's blonde all the way down. This little flat-chested sixteen-year-old has never had a man in her life.

However, after I satisfy Jackie with my hand, putting on as much of a show for my boyfriend as I can with that skin-and-bones body, Jackie's still got big eyes, and my boyfriend's hard as a rock though I've just finished giving him some head that nearly took the roof of my mouth off when he came. And the next thing I

---

## "... Speaking of technique, the thing that makes sex good is simplicity—not fancy acrobatics—like finding that one special spot."

---

know Jackie's riding on his cock, and she's got her body all scrunched up and she's coming like there was a Sunbeam blender inside her shaking her apart, and she's saying, "oooh . . . It's easy. It's easy!"

Well, I try not to do threesomes with my boyfriends any more; it gets too complicated. But the real issue is Jackie. A lot of men will condemn a woman as a lesbian. But who's to say that Jackie would have made it with a man at all if another woman hadn't guided her?

There's no way you can know anything about a woman, or what makes sex good for her, until she shows you. She may not even know herself—or she may know very well!

I remember a woman I completely misjudged. I thought she was a square from Hicksville. I was up in her hotel room. Her husband was in the chair, watching. I thought I was teaching her about lesbian sex. I undressed her slowly and I went down on her.

"Mmmm . . . Good," was all she said.

That should have clued me in—when she didn't get uptight, but didn't go out of

her mind with excitement either. In fact, the taste should have told me. You can always taste how relaxed a woman feels.

This woman had beautiful breasts. She was about twenty-eight, but her husband was over forty, and they both had good bodies. I was thinking about going up-town, sucking on those strong nipples. I never thought about the husband at all. Then all of a sudden it was my turn. She turned me over onto my back, pulled down my panties, spread my legs wide and pinned them back against my shoulders.

Then, while she was going down on me, all of a sudden there was this hot poker in my rear end, and her husband gave me the most outrageous ass-fucking I ever had. Then he was into my snatch, and she was pointing those big breasts at my mouth, and it was me who popped off, just like a high school kid, and I kept popping all night long . . .

I got to know them well. She'd been a stripper when she was a kid. He was a machinist who saved his pennies and borrowed money enough to open his own shop. They had two kids, though you'd never know it from her breasts. I guess if you've got the foundation, you can keep them. Good posture.

And they take off like this and have sex with some woman for her—for the two of them, really—every couple of months, sometimes more often. The rest of the time they just have a lot of sex, with each other exclusively. No cheating. No scenes.

I once asked her, outright, "Look, are you gay or straight?"

She just said, "That's a dumb question. It's all sex."

And I had to agree with her, it was a dumb question. Even with women who

(Continued on page 85)



They come to America with a license to kill. And they do—with bombs, with guns, with garottes—leaving the bodies to bleed in our streets. We know who to stop—and how to do it. So answer this—who's covering up?

# FOREIGN "TERROR TEAMS" —THEY'RE LOOSE IN YOUR TOWN

by JOSH LOGAN

**O**n September 21, 1976 a dusty blue Chevelle turned onto Massachusetts Avenue in Washington, D.C. and cruised past the Chilean embassy building. The car got about another 100 yards when suddenly there was a massive explosion. Blossoming flames, the Chevelle lifted off the ground, twisted in mid-air, then crashed into a parked Volkswagen and came to rest, a twisted, burning hulk.

Three people had been riding in the car. The force of the explosion blew them out. One passenger, a man named Michael Moffitt, staggered to his feet and noticed his wife, Ronni, stumbling around in a daze, her face blackened. Assuming her to be all right, Moffitt went to the aid of the driver, a man named Orlando Letelier. He found Letelier pinned beneath the wreckage, his legs severed, barely conscious and in extraordinary pain.

A half hour later Letelier died at the hospital. Twenty minutes after that, Ronni Moffitt died also, drowning in her own blood from a severed carotid artery.

The cause of the explosion was obvious. A bomb had been placed beneath the driver's seat. The question was, who had put it there—and who had ordered it done. A month later the Venezuelan police reported that it had made an arrest. The FBI acknowledged that it was satisfied.

The man's name is Orlando Bosch. He is a Cuban refugee terrorist in the employ of the Chilean secret police. (He is also a

former CIA contract agent.) The man Bosch is alleged to have killed, Letelier, was the leader in exile of those Chileans opposed to the junta generals who now rule Chile so savagely.

In effect, the Chilean secret police murdered Letelier out in the open, in this country's capitol. There is even speculation that the bomb was triggered by radio signal sent out from the Chilean embassy. . . .

On February 22, 1976, a man named Daria Bakhtiaria was mysteriously shot and killed on a street in Oakland, California. Bakhtiaria was an Iranian refugee. In his years in this country he had been active in publicizing the repression and torture commonplace in his homeland. He was also a leading organizer of an Iranian refugee group opposed to the brutal tyranny of the Shah of Iran.

According to Dr. Richard Cottam, a political science professor quoting State Department sources, this is not the first time Iran has sent hit squads to this country to suppress critics of the Shah. Members of the Iranian secret police, SAVAK, have been instructed to make the killings appear to be muggings, Cottam revealed. SAVAK was trained by the CIA. . . .

Late last year, according to members of the South Korean refugee community, a man we'll call Pak was walking along a California street when a car suddenly pulled up beside him. Two men jumped out, both Koreans. They pushed Pak into some bushes and beat him to a pulp. As they did, they





**"OLD COUNTRY"  
TORTURE TACTICS THAT  
WORK ANYWHERE**





Chile's exiled Foreign Minister, Orlando Letelier, died in this dynamited car. Venezuela's cops nabbed a top Chilean secret police executioner for the murder.

cursed him and warned him against "propagandizing" against South Korean dictator Park Chung Hee. Then the men got back in the car and drove away.

Sources in the South Korean community here said later that the two men were members of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency. The KCIA is another foreign intelligence outfit originally set up and trained by our own CIA.

\*\*\*\*\*

What's going on here? How is it that hit squads from other countries can seemingly roam the U.S. at will, killing, beating and terrorizing people granted safe refuge in this country? What the hell is this all about?

What it's all about is a mushrooming scandal of immense proportions. With the Letelier murder, the lid has finally come off a story alternately suppressed or ignored by federal authorities—that the U.S. is wide open territory for hit men from the intelligence services of other countries. There are hundreds of strong-arm boys here, and they are backed up by thousands of experts in illegal wiretapping and other forms of surveillance and information gathering. They are all over the country, watching, harrassing, intimidating and—occasionally—murdering former countrymen whom their bosses back home believe to be threats.

For years refugees from the Soviet Union and the Eastern European countries have complained of being subject to harrassment and surveillance by agents of their ex-governments. For the most part the feds ignored their complaints and did little to stop the harrassment. J. Edgar Hoover, the former FBI Director, would note the complaints in his annual reports to Congress in order to justify asking for an increased budget. But little action was taken. As we now know, Hoover was so obsessed by opponents of the Pentagon and the Vietnam war, and so absorbed in collecting compromising material on the sex lives of government officials, that other, more meaningful investigations were never undertaken.

In recent years, a new and uglier twist has been added to the scandal. With the FBI and CIA looking the other way, hit men from countries with which we have foreign policy ties have stepped up their activities on a scale that agents from the communist countries wouldn't dare try. Chile, Iran and South Korea are the worst offenders but are by no means the only ones. All the Latin American military dictatorships maintain close watch over their own exiles. Taiwan's KMT plays an active role in harrassing Chinese citizens here. South Africa's BOSS is quick to try to intimidate exiles or visiting countrymen who speak out in this country against the vicious apartheid policies practiced back home. The Indian government's RAW is on the watch for critics of Indian President Indira Gandhi. Even the British SIS indulges in harrassment of Irish Americans who actively support the rebels in Ireland.

But the worst offenders are the right-wing dictatorships, particularly those with close ties to our own CIA. The rule seems to be that the more repressive a government is at home, the bolder its hit men are in this country.

DINA is probably the best—and ugliest—example. DINA is the terrorist secret police force set up by the Chilean generals

immediately after they seized power in September, 1973, from the elected government of Marxist Salvatore Allende. DINA goons were immediately instrumental in fingering thousands of potential opponents of the bloody, new regime for murder and torture. Working with military units, DINA quickly set up a spy system at home, combining intelligence from informers with information extracted from suspects under torture. The 4000 DINA agents were given the power to arrest anyone without

having to account to the suspects' families—or to any court or legal authority—for the whereabouts of the victims. Thousands of people simply disappeared under the DINA reign of terror. A special United Nations investigatory commission described DINA as "barbaric".

Once the DINA infrastructure was established in Chile, the junta generals moved quickly to transport the terror tactics abroad, in hope of silencing exiled critics of the regime. Surveillance teams and hit squads were then dispatched to the three major areas that had given sanctuary to Chileans opposed to the military regime—Argentina, Western Europe and the United States.

The first blow was struck in Argentina. In September, 1974, a man named Carlos Prats and his wife were murdered there. General Prats was a former Chilean Army Chief of Staff who had broken with the regime over its terror tactics and was working on a book exposing his former military colleagues. How as he killed? A bomb blew him and his wife and his car all to indistinguishable bits—a bomb similar to the one planted in Orlando Letelier's car in Washington. At the same time, the manuscript General Prats was writing vanished from his home. Exit one more critic of Chile.

And the next year more Chileans hiding in Argentina were murdered. Last June, 27 refugees simply disappeared there. Presumably, they were kidnapped by DINA in a coordinated raid on the Chilean community, murdered in the countryside and buried there. Their bodies have never been found.

DINA's European agents were active too. In October, 1975, a hit squad in Italy machine-gunned an official of Chile's Christian Democratic Party as he and his wife walked down a Roman street. Both survived, though the woman was permanently paralyzed. Chilean refugee groups in England, Switzerland and France soon began reporting threats and intimidation. In England, a British right-winger recruited to spy on Chilean exiles broke with his bosses and later testified that DINA agents had offered him assassination contracts on a number of Chilean pariahs.

And what about the U.S.? A former Chilean, now living in New York, put it this way:

"After the coup there was a period of great confusion. All of us here in this country and those who joined us were running back and forth to every official we could find, trying to get information and put pressure on the junta. The stories of murder and torture were just terrible.

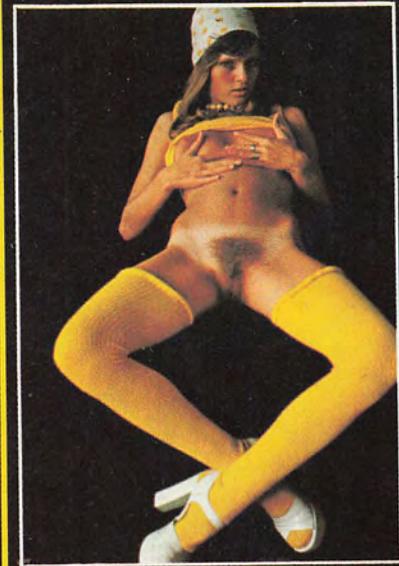
"By doing all this so openly we became known. Once DINA had its network in place here in the U.S., many of us began getting threatening phone calls. Several (Continued on page 36)

# *the bride wore yellow*

*"My man's into  
stockings—  
I'm into pleasing  
my man . . ."*

*"I'm getting married next week—sure never thought I would!—so this is the last time I'll be doing this for you guys. Michael—my man—isn't exactly what you'd call straight—but he said no posing after marriage. He's not into sharing his woman. But what he is into is stockings—so I thought I'd wear his favorite pair for my swan song. Sometimes men baffle me, to tell you the truth—even my Michael. But my motto has always been 'whatever turns you on' and I'd wear the Goodhousekeeping Seal of Approval if that's what got him off. Speaking of getting off, I think I'm getting off pretty light with Michael, so far as kinkiness is concerned. I've had bondage freaks, leather boys and spankers. Michael's fetish is kind of nice."*





*"It doesn't take  
all that much  
to please a man, to  
give him the lit-  
tle extras."*



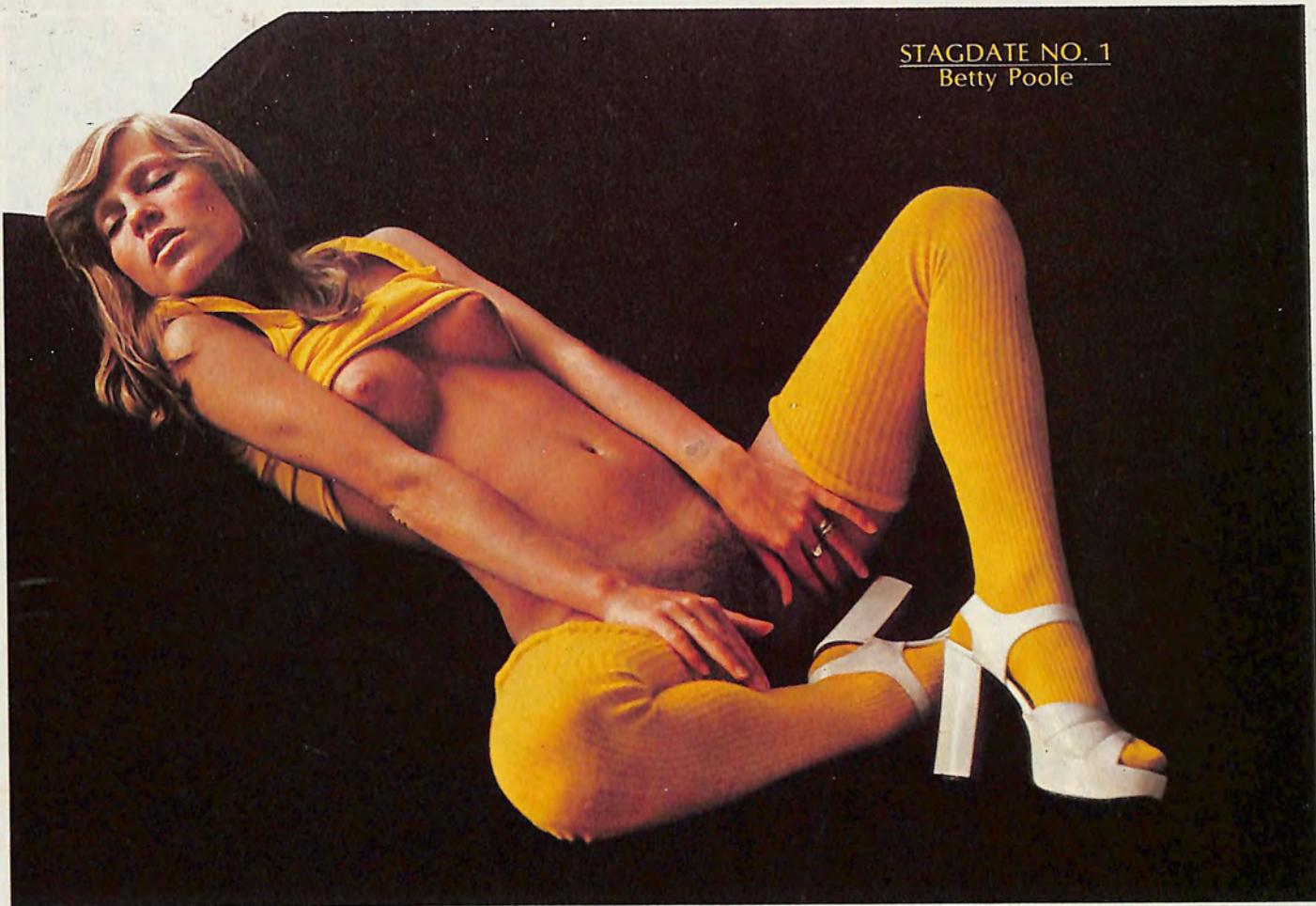


"I really dig showing off my body like this—but my man doesn't!"

"Well, goodbye boys! Hope you enjoyed my swan song as much as I did . . ."

"There's just something about seeing one or two slight articles of clothing on an otherwise naked body that seems to drive the guys wild. What I'd really like to do is wear exactly what you see me in now at the wedding. But if I can't get away with that, you'd better believe my Sunshine Tights will be right on top of my honeymoon suitcase. It doesn't take all that much to please a man, to give him the little extras that turn our lovemaking into supersex. I aim to keep my guy satisfied."

STAGDATE NO. 1  
Betty Poole



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Get my new \$18.98 "Power-X" Muscle Up kit  
for only \$7.98...while they last!

This giant kit features my famous "Power-X"

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And that's only the beginning of what you'll be receiving in the mail for just \$7.98.

**PLUS...My 4 Training Manuals** — Spring, Summer, Winter and Fall — containing a whole year of exciting muscle-building "secrets" in 20 muscle-building courses.

**PLUS...My Nutrition Guide**, showing you how to eat either for gaining weight and muscles or slimming down.

**PLUS...My Muscle Builder Magazine**, where the Champs tell you — in detail — how they made it.

**PLUS...A FREE \$5.00 Gift Certificate** entitling you to purchase any of my famous muscle builders or food supplements.

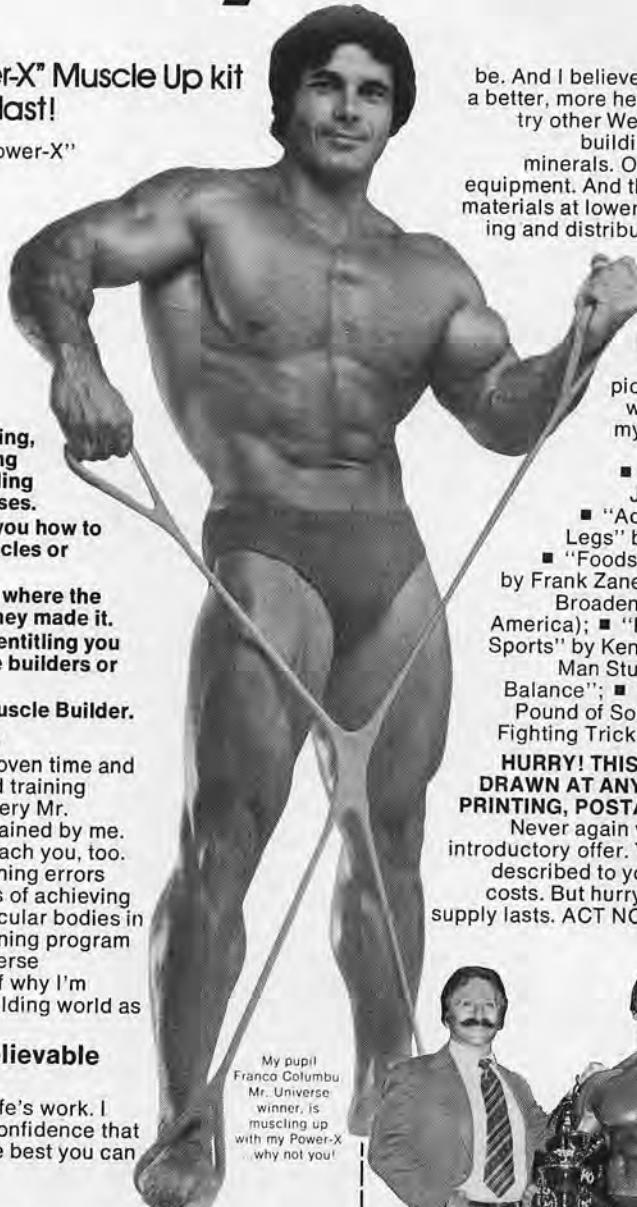
**AND, OF COURSE...My "Power-X" Muscle Builder.**

## Proven to work by champions

My methods work. They have been proven time and again since 1936 — when I first started training champions. And since then, almost every Mr. America and Mr. Universe has been trained by me. The techniques I taught them, I can teach you, too. I'll show you how to avoid pitfalls, training errors and wasted time. I'll reveal the secrets of achieving one of the greatest-looking, most muscular bodies in the world. I'll put you on the exact training program I use for my Mr. America and Mr. Universe champions. And you'll find for yourself why I'm recognized throughout the muscle-building world as the greatest trainer of all time.

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Building stronger, fitter bodies is my life's work. I earn my living giving people the self-confidence that only comes from looking and being the best you can



My pupil  
Franco Columbu  
Mr. Universe  
winner, is  
muscling up  
with my Power-X  
— why not you!

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You'll never get another chance to get this \$18.98 kit — including my "Power-X" muscle builder, plus the 4 training manuals of champions, plus the Muscle Builder magazine, plus the Nutrition Guide, plus the FREE \$5.00 Gift Certificate — all for just \$7.98.



be. And I believe that once I put you on that road to a better, more healthy, vigorous body, you'll want to try other Weider products, too. Like my muscle building food supplements, vitamins and minerals. Or the world famous Weider training equipment. And that's why I'm sending you all these materials at lower than my raw manufacturing, printing and distributing costs. At not one penny profit.

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Let me introduce you to all the Mr. America and Mr. Universe champions I have trained. And in their own words, they'll reveal ■ "How I Built my 22½" Muscular Arms" by Arnold Schwarzenegger (Mr. Olympia);

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■ "Foods for Gaining Weight and Strength" by Frank Zane (Mr. Universe); ■ "My Shoulder-Broadening Course" by Steve Reeves (Mr. America); ■ "How to Build Speed and Power for Sports" by Ken Waller (Mr. Universe); ■ "Strong Man Stunts Made Easy"; ■ "How to Hand Balance"; ■ "Kung Fu and Karate"; ■ "Gain a Pound of Solid Muscle a Day"; ■ "12 Oriental Fighting Tricks"; plus much, much, much more!

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"Power-X"  
kit!

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with over 3,750,000 successful students

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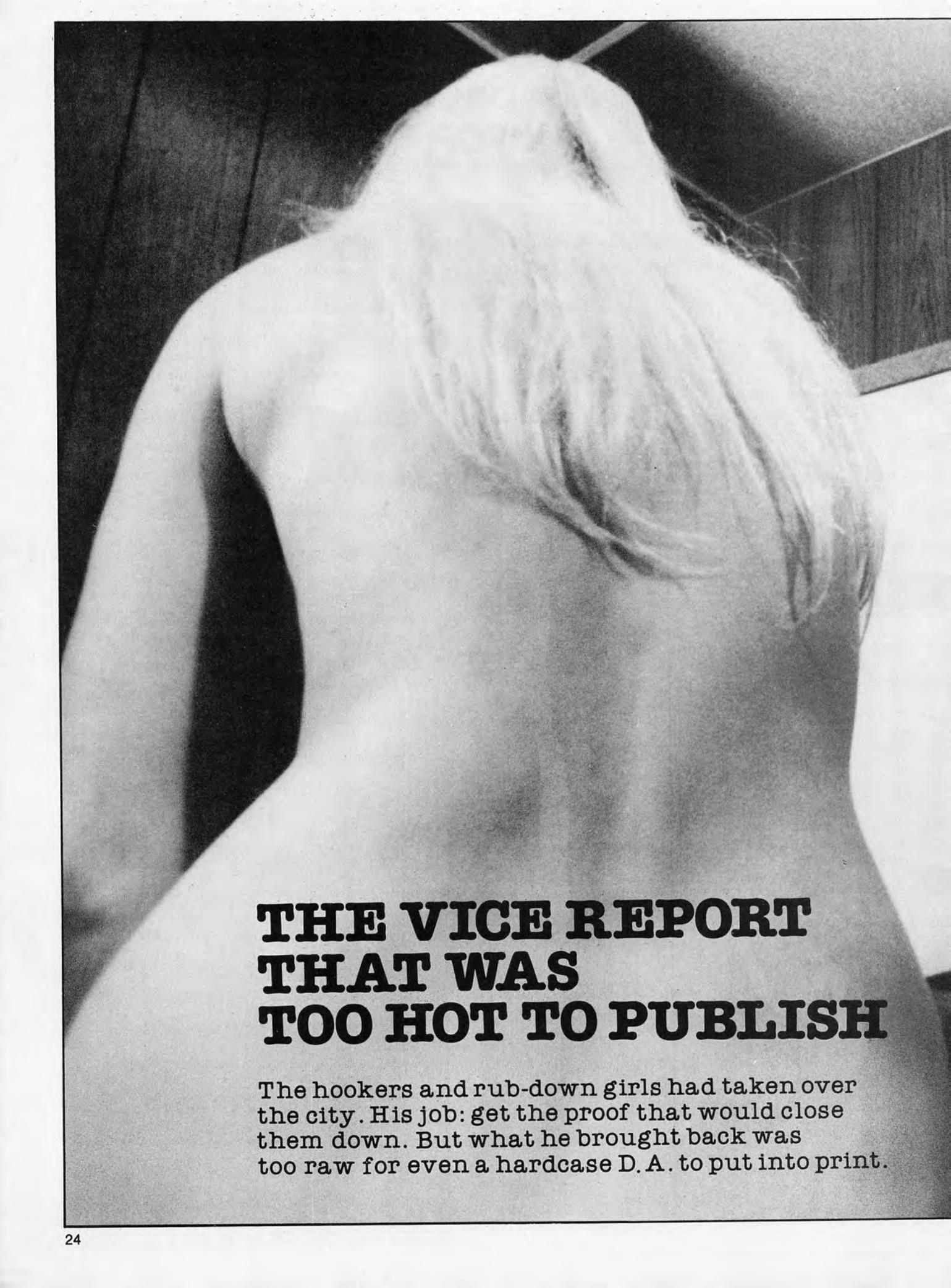
Joe: I don't see how you can do it — but here's my \$7.98! (Plus \$1.00 for postage and handling.) Rush me my complete "Power-X" Kit, including the "Power-X" Muscle Builder, plus the Nutrition Guide, plus the Muscle Builder magazine, plus the first issue of your giant "Enter the Wonderful World of Joe Weider" Muscle Building Manual, plus a FREE \$5.00 Gift Certificate! I understand I will receive 3 additional Muscle Building Manuals during the year. (Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.) (Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.)

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

(Please print clearly)



# **THE VICE REPORT THAT WAS TOO HOT TO PUBLISH**

The hookers and rub-down girls had taken over the city. His job: get the proof that would close them down. But what he brought back was too raw for even a hardcase D.A. to put into print.



by **ALFRED TRAVERS**  
as edited by  
**ROLAND EMPEY**

*(Editor's Note: Over the final six months of 1976, a city in the Far West was engaged in a major effort to control its burgeoning vice situation. As an adjunct to normal police procedures, it hired a private agency to gather evidence for detailed reports which were eventually be submitted to a grand jury.*

*One of these investigators was a 26-year-old man named Alfred Travers. He was assigned to a place called "Ada's Near East Spa" and told to obtain whatever evidence the city would need to close it down.*

*Travers paid four visits to the Near East. He wore slacks and a leather jacket and passed himself off as a moving van driver. He carried a tiny camera and managed to snap a few pictures despite the presence of women close by all the time he was there.*

*For reasons which will be made clear at the end of this article, Travers has decided to make his report available to STAG Magazine. What transpired at his four visits to Ada's Near East Spa follows.)*

"Ada's Near East Spa" is located in an old building two blocks from the railroad station. A pornographic book store, "The Golden Fig Leaf," is on the ground floor and the Spa has the three floors above it. You enter through a stairway on the right of the book store, at the top of which is a door with these words on frosted glass:

ADA'S NEAR EAST SPA  
MASSAGE PARLOR —  
RAP SESSIONS  
QUALIFIED PERSONNEL FOR  
ALL SERVICES.

As I reached the door, a man



**"One moment I was getting a first-rate massage, the next she was bending over me, one arm under my back, the other spreading my thighs, her face buried deep in my groin. . . ."**

came in from the street and ran up the stairs to join me. He was about 45, clean-shaven and athletically built, and very well dressed in a chesterfield coat and a grey homburg hat. He gave me a broad grin and said, "Ah, the pause that refreshes."

We went inside and found ourselves facing a receptionist at a small desk. She was an attractive woman of 30 or so, her blonde hair falling loosely to her shoulders. She gave us both a smile and said to the man with me, "For you, the rap session, of course, Mister Conroy. Madame Kiki will be busy for a few minutes, but then she'll be with you."

The man said that would be fine, then perched himself on the edge of her desk, picked up the phone and dialed a number. As the blonde woman turned to me, I could hear him asking someone if there were any messages for him. It sounded to me as though he were either a lawyer or a stockbroker.

I said, "For me, a nice massage," when the blonde woman gave me the smile and asked what service I preferred. She nodded, pointing at a door and said, "The first open door down that corridor."

I went where she said, coming into a small room that smelled of ointments and lotions. A narrow table covered with clean towels was its only furnishing, but there was a pile of mattresses in a corner with more towels stacked there. There was also a narrow, slatted closet on one wall.

"Take your things off, baby. I can't do anything for you if you're all bundled up like that. I'm Eileen."

A red-headed girl about 19 had come into the room. She was wearing a white, medical-looking outfit, but the bottom of the smock was well above her knees and she had on white boots. I took off my clothes and she motioned me to lie down on the table, then said, "The basic massage will be \$25. Will that be all you'll need? We do have other services, you know."

I said I had just come for the massage, but if I found myself wanting something else, I'd let her know.

She got a big jar from the closet, took out a handful of yellow goop and began rubbing it all over me. She smiled as she worked and her hand was very firm and assured on my neck and chest and stomach area. When she reached my groin, she laughed and said, "You've got something there that no massage is going to take care of. Your cock is standing up as stiff as a flag pole."

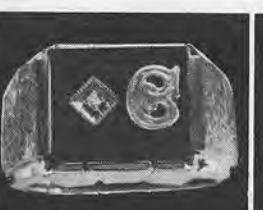
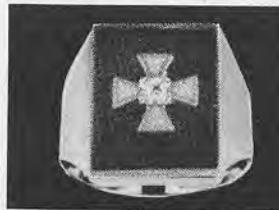
I said yes, I was aware of that, and what did she suggest we do about it.

She said, "Well, for a flat \$35, we can stop messing around and I can give you a fuck that will make that cock of yours feel like it was just born again. I don't recommend that, though. What I recommend in your case is our \$50 service which is a tongue job, cock and asshole, that will turn you inside out and make you feel like a new man all over. What'll it be?"

I said I'd accept her recommendation, and a moment later she was bending over me, one arm under the small of my back and the other under my thighs, and her face was over my groin. The next thing I knew her tongue was touching the end of my cock (for the sake of accuracy, I'll use the actual words they use at the Spa) and then she was licking all around the head of it, sending a pulsing stimulation down along it and right through my body.

After a little of that, she left my cock and went to my asshole as she had promised, pressing her tongue right in there to a length I wouldn't have thought possible, licking and poking. Then she was back at my cock again, and this time her tongue was licking slowly and tinglingly down the shaft, sending spasms (I have to admit this) of pure delight throughout my entire system. Soon, she was at the hair clustered around the base of my cock, pushing through it to lick my balls and the root area of the cock itself.

While Eileen was doing these things, I suddenly became aware of voices close by, a man's and a woman's, but I couldn't make out what they were saying. Of course, I wasn't exactly concentrating on them, either, since by then Eileen had my (Continued on page 71)



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**MONARCH - \$150**  
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RING - \$165**  
Your Zodiac symbol with  
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10k gold setting.  
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7 diamonds with synthetic  
Star Sapphire. Red or Blue.  
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FOR 7 MOS.

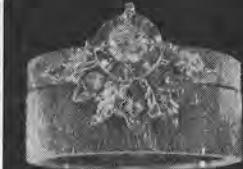
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FOR 7½ MOS.

**VENUS - \$225**  
Center diamond with 3  
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engagement ring. 14k  
gold wedding band.  
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6 diamonds in unusual 14k  
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Center diamond with 4  
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centered in 14  
Rubies. 14k gold.  
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Actual photos  
slightly enlarged

Average Ladies' - 6 Men's - 9

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To measure ring size, wrap this strip around finger,  
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**KELLY TRIO - \$400**  
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**CINDY TRIO - \$400**  
Center diamond with 3 side  
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Matching 14k gold  
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\$20 Twice Monthly  
20 pmts. \$20 ea.  
FOR 10 MOS.

# TIRED OF BEING SCREWED BY BIG BUSINESS GYPS? **HOW TO SUE AND COLLECT**

by H. L. JACOBS

**Now those 500,000 who are seared, sliced, mutilated and slaughtered annually by lethal products can hit back —where it hurts the most.**

**I**t was a pretty, colorfully wrapped Christmas gift from Jack Wilson's aunt. The cost: \$21. A gleaming, chrome appliance which was especially welcome because both Jack and his wife had moved into a new apartment and needed it to replace their worn-out old one. But this gift might as well have been a hand grenade.

Their present was an electric toaster, touted by the manufacturer as a "jet-age, improved model." When Wilson plugged in the appliance to make his breakfast toast, this 29-year-old San Francisco stevedore was frozen into agonized immobility.

"My hands tingled and my legs throbbed," he recalls. "I could feel fire in every vein and artery and nerve ... My head seemed to balloon outward ... My eyes felt like marbles popping from my skull ... I was rigid, squeezed by a giant's hand ... Breathing was impossible ..."

Irene Wilson, a nurse, glanced at her husband and immediately realized what was happening: a surge of current had transformed the toaster and cord into a weapon which was electrocuting Jack Wilson before her eyes.

"I remembered our first-aid classes and whipped on some rubber gloves," she told me. "Then I yanked out the cord and pulled Jack away from that damned toaster. He was so pale and rigid I thought his heart had stopped. He was too heavy for me to hold upright, so he crumpled to the floor and hit his head on a half-open drawer. It was that injury that sent him to the





hospital. But he could have been killed by the electricity if I hadn't been there."

Fortunately, Wilson's injury was a concussion, not a fracture. But his eight days in the hospital and medical expenses—uncompensated by insurance—left the Wilsons \$2300 poorer.

By chance, this victim's neighbor is a young attorney who works for a neighborhood legal assistance bureau. For a total cost of \$91, the lawyer initiated a lawsuit against the manufacturer of the potentially lethal toaster. He invoked the new and strict "product liability" laws which now cover hazardous and defective merchandise and services.

"At first," Wilson related, "the manufacturer denied responsibility and claimed the retailer should have inspected the faulty toaster. The retailer bucked responsibility to the wholesaler. But just before the trial started, the manufacturer's insurance company settled my claim for \$10,000. They didn't want to go to court and risk having to pay a much higher award. I've since learned that a dozen or more users were shocked or burned by that same toaster model before it was recalled from dealers' shelves. *Why should we consumers be patsies and put our lives on the line by purchasing dangerous or defective products?*"

That's a timely question. It is being answered by many of the 500,000 Americans who are seared, shocked, sliced, disfigured, sickened and even killed each year by products ranging from untested deodorants to TV sets that explode and maim. These victims of hazardous products are getting their just compensation in the form of hefty and even king-sized awards by sympathetic juries which hear their grim and, in many cases, very gruesome stories.

In former years, "let the buyer beware" was the unspoken philosophy of many retailers and manufacturers who successfully spurned the claims of customers who were victimized by shoddy, poorly-assembled, and inadequately tested products of every type.

But today the business world has been jolted into the awareness that we customers are not the hapless captives or guinea pigs of yesteryear. No longer are we willing to pay dearly—in money and suffering—for merchandise and services which may be as risky as a cocked pistol or a spilled vial of deadly bacteria.

Product liability awards cascade from sympathetic judges and juries. They range from \$100 (ordered by a Small Claims Court in Chicago to a woman who sliced her finger on a defective can-opener), to the stunning \$1,500,000 judgment levied against the manufacturers and installers of a construction-site elevator in San Jose, California. (Its brake failed and a workman who crashed eight stories was permanently paralyzed as a result.)

In the last four years, payments of consumers' sickness, injury, and death claims have skyrocketed 270%. In Chicago alone, the average product liability award has leaped more than 50%—from \$93,143 in 1970 to \$145,000 in 1975, according to the Insurance Information Institute.

A major break for the public came a few years ago when a California appeals court held General Motors responsible for "wrongful death," allegedly caused by defective design in a Corvette Stingray. Almost \$600,000 was disbursed to claimants following this judgment.

In the past, auto makers were often successful in resisting claims for damages

or recompense because of faulty design, shoddy material, inept workmanship, sloppy inspections, and improper installations. Now, because of an increasing number of successful suits against the auto giants, the industry quickly "recalls" as many as 300,000 cars when a potentially hazardous flaw is discovered.

The motive behind such recalls (potential hazards are remedied at company expense) is hardly altruistic. As one prominent Philadelphia personal injury lawyer puts it:

"They are scared shitless of court awards which could bankrupt them. Maybe they've got a point: some jury payouts have been incredible. Had the auto-makers faced up to their responsibilities to car buyers years ago, their products would be safer and today's liability awards would not be so numerous, or so generous."

Some recent examples:

—A Nashville couple in a European sports car collided with a large sedan and suffered injuries when thrown against the dash and windshield. Subsequent inspection revealed that their bucket seats had worked loose because of improperly-installed screws and fittings. In vain, the car distributor tried to fasten the blame on the dealer. Both were held liable; the manufacturer in Europe could not be penalized. The result: a \$25,000 award to the injured pair.

—Tom Nicholson, a 30-year-old Denver airport worker, had trouble with the brake light on his new car. Thirty minutes after he picked it up at the dealer's service department, the brakes failed and Nicholson broke his jaw when the vehicle rolled into a tree.

(Continued on page 43)



Even expensive installations like this one are not exempt from faulty material or workmanship.



Defective auto design is costing Americans many lives—but now it's costing General Motors, too.

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# ULTIMATE

You both know where you're going, but with these ultra-sex

by ROBERT LAGUARDIA

**W**e did it with his big toe. He just put it right up against me and started rubbing. And for some reason that

did it. I'm usually a very slow come, but I came right quick that time and, since then, I always have come quick from that particular kind of sex.



# FOREPLAY

turn-on techniques, "getting there" is more than half the fun.

"Of course, that's not the only kind of sex we do now. We got into all sorts of things from there. But it goes to show you, sometimes ordinary foreplay won't do." Her

name is Margo, and with only three men to show for her 22 years, she hardly qualifies as a swinger.

But she is one of many women who are branching out from

conventional foreplay, some because they are into sex so devotedly that they are constantly looking for new experiences; others because, as for Margo, the ordinary "feel and



## "The first few times I got into oral sex with my man, I almost had to be

flutter" of conventional foreplay is simply inadequate. What they have discovered at the farthest reaches of the sexual spectrum is adding a whole new technology to sex. So says West Coast sexologist William Wall, who along with Chicago sexologist, Dr. David Ferrier, has done considerable work in this aspect of behavior. But this same search has also opened new insights into the basic structure of female sexual response.

The most frequent of these extended foreplay variations will be covered in this article. Most notable about them, researchers say, is that there is a sound physiological underpinning to each. In the many variations such as the preceding, using the foot as a sex focus, these adventurous women and their partners were thought to have found a basic responsiveness to the foot, seldom covered in sex manuals but such that female orgasm is possible from manipulation of the instep alone, as well as the possibility that the big toe is, in fact, more suited to clitoral stimulation than the fingers.

**Superman:** Equally basic is the reasoning behind the so-called "Superman" game: "I had his cock in my hands, and I suddenly felt he was going to come," Donna, a Terre Haute X-ray technician, said. "I knew he didn't want it yet . . . I grabbed for his cock, right under the testicles, and pinched it. I started playing with him again and everything was cool. He was even harder, more excited . . . That was when I really started getting off." This "pinching" technique can, if timed right, maintain the vital blood flow to the penis at the same time as it prevents ejaculation, while the alternation between buildup and restraint makes for extraordinary foreplay opportunities.

**'Coke' Syrup:** Extended foreplay also leads to intensification of sensuality, sometimes by extremely simple paths. "My girl friend told me about it," Dorothy said. "I bought the 'Coke' syrup, but I felt silly interrupting to put it in my mouth. I finally did it when he wasn't looking, then I took him in my mouth . . . It was wild. I mean, wild for me. And it made him stand up so hard it felt like billy club . . ."

Such sweeteners won universally high ratings from those who tried them.

**Crushed Ice:** Easily 70% of the women in the extended foreplay group had tried oral sex additives of one sort or another, ranging from dessert topping to mouth wash to brandy. Only a small group, however, consistently spoke with pleasure of the use of extreme cold, usually in the form of crushed ice.

The ice could be used on any part of the body. "He likes me to have it in my mouth, and I like it that way, too," Norma said of her lover. "But when he's touching me, I know sooner or later I'm going to get that jolt of cold between my legs, or in my backside . . . I always come harder when it happens. But it scares me. I don't know, maybe it's just scary to come that hard." This conflict of sensations is what accounts for whatever success the cold treatment has, researchers believe: Even those who "feared" it, like Norma, acknowledged that it was "always a thrill, I wouldn't want to go without it."

**Penis Massage:** In a different category entirely is penis massage, a much-loved sexual practice for those who knew of it. "It's a bigger thrill for me than it is for him, and he's getting it," said Elaine, an airlines hostess in her 20's. "I love turning his penis over and over in my hands, rubbing that stuff in." That stuff is usually K-Y ointment, but vaseline, scented lotions or even essential oils can do just as well. The experience of being massaged seems to make the penis more resistant to early orgasm. In addition, for the female, simply taking such an active role is important: "I was with him last week," Elaine went on, "and just doing that, he didn't even have to touch me. I just went right into space."

**Gambling and Foreplay:** A surprisingly large number of females got into extended foreplay as a consequence of "gambling" games. Researchers theorized that gambling had its own sexy effect because of the penalties and forfeits involved: "I'm very shy about my breasts, but I wound up giving this guy a breast massage and I went really up the wall from it," Joan recalled. "It's like, what

you're most afraid of, that's what turns you on most. But it has to be because you have to do it. It has to be because you lost the hand, otherwise you'd just say no."

**Anal Masturbation:** "It brought me up completely short," said Bobbi, a pretty brunette. "It wasn't just that his finger was in my behind. He was moving it in and out, very fast, and the other hand was going between my legs at the same time . . . Usually I'm very cool in sex. I don't know why, I just always wanted to feel like I could take it or leave it. But this thing, my hips started going like I couldn't help it. And I couldn't help it. He kept doing it till I came and then he started over again slowly, and this time I really went wild." Physiologically, the contraction reactions of the anal sphincter cause an automatic spastic contraction in the vagina as well. This is why anal masturbation can work in combination with stimulation of the clitoris to produce an extremely powerful climax.

But psychologically, this extra foreplay technique serves as well to lay the ground work for further advances. The combination of violation of a "forbidden area" with strong physiological pleasures sets a stage on which anything is possible, a plateau of more intense response.

**Foreplay Orgasm:** After 20 to 25 minutes of vigorous foreplay, there is approximately a 95 percent chance the woman will have experienced climax. Some couples try to slow down, to put off these climaxes. This is a mistake. Females can be built to extraordinary pitches of multiple satisfaction. In addition, providing climax in foreplay is the surest route to a more "complete" satisfaction during the intercourse still to come.

**The Force Game:** For many women, there is considerable shortening of the time required to heat to the "boiling point" when force (or more accurately, the simulation of force) is present. This relates heavily to the content of female sex fantasies: "I wouldn't really want to be raped, but I do have a lot of fantasies about it," Madge said. "And the first few times I got into oral sex with my man, it had to be that way. He grabbed my head and forced



## **raped.... He held my head tight and forced himself into my mouth."**

himself in . . .

"I thought I'd choke. But I held on. And held on till I got so excited I was beside myself." While handcuffs, ropes and other bindings are used when both players are familiar with the game, an excellent first technique consists of simply holding the woman's wrists tightly during extensive conventional foreplay which, with the lid on, may rapidly rise to fever pitch.

**The "Perfect" Sixty-Nine:** "I love oral sex, but that one-at-a-time way turns me off," said Lilly a recent high school graduate. "We did it with both of us giving and getting at the same time, but then it was hard to come . . ." The technique Lilly eventually learned from a more experienced, married lover, combined conventional "sixty-nine" oral sex, with simultaneous finger manipulation of clitoral and anal areas.

**Foreplay In Public:** Over 40% of the women most involved in the new forms of foreplay, spoke of the extra thrill of public or near-public sex. "We were once making out on a bus, his hand under my coat," recalled Natalie. "We caught a guy watching. I loved it . . . Now I like it even better when the women watch. I try to make my man come then. I saw one last summer, she got red right down to her chest, she wanted it so bad . . ." Oral sex on roller coasters, full intercourse in a lapsitting position in an automobile, standing up sex play at parties were typical high-rating ploys among these females.

**Vibrators—Right and Wrong:** Remarkable among these case histories, said researchers, were the improvements women had made on familiar techniques. Almost 85% had tried vibrators, but only those (less than one half) who confined their use to what Helen, a nurse, called "the slow build up" were totally pleased. The worst possible use lay in jamming a vibrator set at high speed directly against the sexual parts. "It feels like you're a machine, and it's a hurting come," Helen said. In more subtle use, by contrast, the woman has time to build through a successively higher series of plateaus, at which time she is ready for greater

pressure and higher vibrator speeds. "When you're ready for it, there isn't anything else to match it," Helen noted.

"The time I remember best, I got into one long climax. I kept waiting for it to stop, and it wouldn't . . . but I never could have done that if I'd tried for everything right away." This difference in vibrator techniques, incidentally, seemed to hold no matter what shape vibrator was used, penis-shaped, egg-shaped, or hand massager. Of the three, the hand-massager was deemed the more effective, the penis-shaped the least effective.

**Talking Dirty:** "I told him, 'I want your cock, I want all of it.' He said, 'Eat it, then.' I said, 'Put your hand in my cunt, all the way in.' I like to talk that way," said Virginia, blonde and cool-looking. "Talking dirty, it gives you sexy thoughts." This is not an isolated phenomenon. A high percentage of the more adventurous women shared this same pleasure in a vocabulary for sex play which they would never use in everyday speech.

This same tendency can also lead to revelations of past experience which can become part of the foreplay itself. "I told him about a bunch of kids who 'ganged' me when I was fifteen," Virginia said. "I got wetter and wetter the more I talked about it. Finally I was telling him things that never happened except in my daydreams. Like putting my tongue into his behind. But it was very, very exciting, all of it . . ."

**For The Exhibitionistic Woman:** All of this, researchers believe, indicates that there is a strong drive to show off in sex, which lends much to response and satisfaction. Sex practices specifically designed for this in foreplay include having one partner naked and the other dressed, sex before multiple mirrors angled to catch every part of the body, or the use of cameras. One variant frequently reported is the use of an inexpensive cassette tape recorder. "I heard myself coming from the last time and it made me want to be all over him," Connie stated. "I felt like there were a million people listening and I was turning each one of

them on. And listening to the tapes later, you never forget that feeling."

**Two-Partner Satisfaction:** The importance of exhibitionism to a woman shows up particularly when two women and one man are engaged in foreplay at the same time. "I thought we were going to take turns," Jan said in describing a first experiment in troilism. "But he started playing with both of us at once . . . The next thing I knew he had me looking at Sara [Jan's girl friend]. He had a hand in each of us and, looking at her, I realized she was about to come and that set me off . . . As I was coming, I could see watching me was doing the same thing to her. We both came at the same time, it was a terrific experience." The techniques for producing simultaneous orgasm in two women include extensive play (The "Force" game, mentioned earlier, is particularly effective here).

But basically it is the exhibitionistic factor, the fact of sharing an audience, that counts most. The response is also likely to lead to more daring foreplay involving the man: "Seeing his cock stand up so hard with another girl there, it was like the first time I'd really seen it," Jan said.

**Nipple Basics:** There are certain extremely simple foreplay extras which are so common as to be considered basic, except that they seldom happen except with women who go beyond the conventional. The nipple, for example, should be stimulated from the underside up; it may be pinched or squeezed, and it responds especially to attention from moistened fingers.

**Rubber Gloves:** There are also basics for the clitoris. One of the most important is frequent use of extra lubrication in the form of vaseline or surgical ointment, or even flavored lotions. Many of these extra-foreplay women reported strong response from clitoris stimulation by a man wearing very thin rubber gloves, and of course using plenty of lubrication as well. "It seemed he could press much harder that way," Barbara said of sex which happened in an extra-marital affair. "And

*(Continued on page 94)*

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## "TERROR TEAMS"

Continued from page 18

people were beaten in what were made to appear muggings. There were always strange men following you. At meetings there would be people with cameras outside. You could tell our phones were tapped because of all the clicks and interruptions, which you don't get with a legal tap. Some people would get calls telling them to behave or their relatives still in Chile would be hurt.

"We complained to your police and FBI and they said they would do what they could. But nothing ever happened. No DINA agent has ever been arrested here, yet they break your laws all the time."

In Miami, DINA agents working with the Chilean consul, Col. Eduardo Sepulveda—a close friend of Chile's President Gen. Augusto Pinochet—have been busy recruiting right-wing terrorists from the Cuban exile community. Even the Miami newspapers are aware of the Chilean money funneled into terrorist groups there, including one headed by Orlando Bosch, nabbed by Venezuelan Police for the Letelier murder. A Bosch-organized group has also been implicated in the bombing of a Cuban airliner out of Venezuela last year. Seventy-three people were killed when the plane crashed.

"The anti-Castro Cubans are what you call the hit men," another Chilean exile said. "When DINA doesn't want to risk one of its own people—or they are too busy—they use the Cubans. I know of two cases where Chileans who were active against the junta were beaten by Cubans."

One possible reason DINA apparently used a Cuban hit man in the Letelier murder was the close call that two of its own men had a year earlier. According to UN sources, two DINA agents arrived in New York from Spain in the summer of 1975. Their apparent assignment: to assassinate a high Chilean UN official, Gabriel Valdes, a firm opponent of the junta. However, the FBI somehow got wind of the plot and informed UN Secretary General, Kurt Waldheim. Waldheim called in the Chilean ambassador and warned him that if anything happened to Valdes, the UN would hold the Chilean government personally responsible. After that meeting, the two DINA hit men left New York. (Both, by the way, were formerly on the payroll of the CIA in Chile and, according to a Senate investigation, were involved in the murder of a Chilean general before the coup. The general was the chief military support of the Allende government. The CIA admitted participating in the plot to kidnap the general, but said it withdrew its support before his murder.)

Letelier's execution was emblematic of the arrogance of these Chilean murder squads. Letelier had been foreign minister under the Allende government. After the coup, he was recognized as unofficial leader of the exiles. He was highly respected by Congressmen here, and by

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foreign officials around the world and thus represented a significant threat to the junta. Just before his murder, he had persuaded the Dutch government to cut off credit to the generals. Dutch longshoremen were refusing to unload Chilean ships. Other European nations were re-evaluating their ties with Chile. Here at home, Congress voted to cut off military aid to Chile—in part because of lobbying by Letelier.

Clearly, Letelier was a threat to the junta—as well as the popular choice to head a new democratic government if the generals were ever forced out. So he was murdered, in Washington, in sight of the Chile embassy, by DINA hit men. For whatever reasons, DINA obviously thought it was on safe turf in this country. . . .

After Chile, Iran is probably the most active in harrassing and intimidating its citizens living in this country. Late last year, in an interview on CBS's program, *60 Minutes*, the Shah of Iran admitted in his unusually frank way that he had agents on duty in this country—with the knowledge and consent of the U.S. government. The agents were from SAVAK, the Iranian intelligence service that many international groups have accused of conducting a torture and murder pogrom against opponents of the Shah in Iran.

According to the Shah, the duties of his agents in the U.S. consist of "checking on anybody who becomes affiliated with circles or organizations hostile to my country. . . ." In practical terms, that means, at the very least, spying on the Shah's opponents in this country.

"We all know we're being watched; it's just accepted," one Iranian student studying here said. "Some of our fellow students are paid informers, and if they really think you're a troublemaker they'll send a SAVAK agent around to take care of you himself."

The student continued: "I went to a CAIFI meeting [the Committee for Artistic and Intellectual Freedom in Iran, a group opposed to the Shah's tyranny] a few months after I came here to this country. Two days later I received a telephone call. The caller warned me that if I went again, something terrible would happen to my family in Iran. And if I persisted in defying them, some injury would come to me. One fellow I know, he was hit by an automobile that drove away. Fortunately he wasn't hurt badly but he saw the men in the car and they looked Iranian. It scared him a great deal."

According to columnist Jack Anderson, SAVAK agents in this country "commit burglaries, forgeries and other crimes on behalf of the Shah." In fact, like the FBI during the Vietnam war, SAVAK agents are engaged in all forms of illegal spying, from break-ins to illegal phone taps, and they run an FBI-type harrassment program directed at Iranian dissidents.

According to CAIFI, public meetings are often disrupted by paid agents who chant, scream at speakers, stomp, whistle and, occasionally, shout threats. One Iranian critic was told, "You need a bullet in your head," by a disrupter in the audience while he was giving a speech. Critics

(Continued on page 40)

# STAG PARTY GAGS



The beautiful but militant feminist had been propositioned by a male stranger at a cocktail party. "I think you should know," she replied icily, deliberately raising her voice for put-down purposes, "that I've developed an immunity to being used by men as a casual sex object."

"That's not surprising," answered the man equally loudly, "considering the number of times you've been inoculated."

Miss Goodrich walked into a bank, carrying a large paper bag filled with nickels, dimes, and quarters. "Did you hoard all this money by yourself?" inquired the teller.

"No," said the girl. "My sister whored half of it."

"Tell you what," said the bartender to the drunk, "I'll give you a drink and, if you can tell me what it is and who made it, you can have the drink free. As long as you guess correctly, the drinks are on the house. But one wrong guess and you pay for them all."

The drunk agreed and was soon sniffing and sampling the first drink. "Scotch. Haig and Haig."

"Right! Try this one."

"It smells and tastes like rum—Bacardi."

"Right again," muttered the disgruntled bartender. "Try this," he said offering him a glass of urine.

After a sip, the drunk roared, "That's piss!"

"Right. But whose?"

Then there's the banker who insists that sex is similar to a savings account. In both cases, one loses interest at the moment of withdrawal.

After eight weeks away from home on business in a strange city, the married executive entered a local brothel, produced a \$100 bill and asked for the worst screw in the house. "But, sir," the madam said, "one hundred dollars will buy you our best."

"No, I want the worst available," demanded the businessman.

"I can't let you do this," the woman pleaded. "You're entitled to the top of the line."

"Listen, lady," the man insisted, "I'm not horny, just homesick."

Studies show that Democrats generally have more children than Republicans. Which is not too hard to believe. After all, who ever heard of anyone enjoying a good piece of elephant?

"How much?" the guy asked the hooker.

"Twenty. Forty. And a hundred."

"Why the different prices?"

"For twenty dollars you do. For forty dollars we do. For a hundred bucks, you just hang on."

The following exchange took place on a TV quiz show:

Emcee: "Who was the first man?"

Woman: "Adam."

Emcee: "Right, for \$50! Who was the first woman?"

Woman: "Eve."

Emcee: "Right, for \$100! Now what were the first words Eve said when she saw Adam?"

Woman: "Gee . . . that's a hard one!"

Emcee: "Right for \$200!"

Finding her husband in bed with a lovely young girl, the irate wife picked up an ashtray, ready to throw it at him. "She's just a poor hitchhiker I picked up on the highway," the man tried to explain. "She was hungry, so I brought her home and fed her. Then I saw her shoes were worn out, so I gave her that old pair you haven't worn in at least ten years. Then I noticed her shirt was torn, so I gave her an old blouse you haven't looked at since 1970. And her jeans were all patched, so I gave her an old pair of slacks you never wear. But as she was leaving, she asked me, 'Is there anything else your wife doesn't use?'"



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A rural Frenchman was on trial for killing his wife because he found her in bed with a neighbor. Upon being asked why he shot her instead of her lover, he replied, "Ah M'sieur, is it not better to shoot a woman once than a different man every week?"

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

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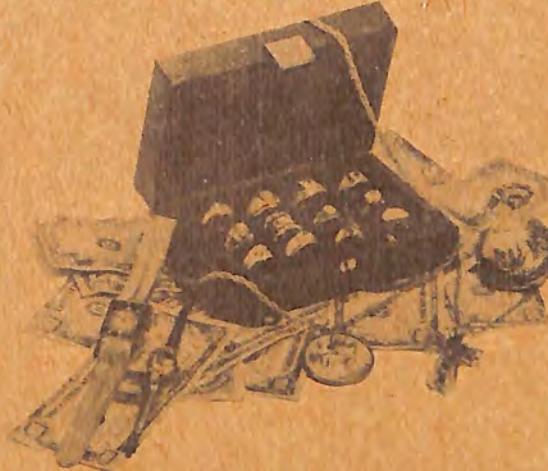
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(Continued from page 37)

are often threatened, their bosses or schools are visited and warned that the Iranian is really a "terrorist," and forged letters are sent to various dissidents—purporting to be from other dissidents—in efforts to start fights and create disunity among the Shah's critics.

Indeed, Jack Anderson somehow managed to obtain SAVAK documents spelling out to its agents how to conduct illegal break-ins, how to duplicate stolen keys, how to wiretap illegally and how to make forgeries of documents and signatures. The documents indicated that all the illegal activities in this country are approved by "headquarters", meaning SAVAK's brain center in Teheran, Iran.

Almost certainly, violence against Iranian critics here is personally conducted by SAVAK's chief, General Nematullah Nasiri, who visits this country occasionally to check up on his agents and solidify his support with U.S. legal authorities. Aside from the murder of Daria Bahktiaria in Oakland, other Iranian dissidents have been beaten or threatened. Most recently, an official of CAIFI was threatened at gunpoint on a Manhattan street.

The most frequent SAVAK target is an Iranian poet named Reza Baraheni. Baraheni was tortured in Iran in 1973, and his detailed accounts of his brutalization—and that of others which he witnessed—has won widespread attention in this country. The poet's information is precise and well documented.

Baraheni's public talks often are disrupted by agitators, presumably hired by SAVAK. He is known to be high on the list of targets for the hit squads which, Jack Anderson has reported, were sent into this country. SAVAK has warned the poet through CAIFI sources that his two children would be kidnapped if he continued to speak out against the Shah. Only last year Baraheni was forced to withdraw from a panel discussion at San Jose State University in California after local police warned him they had discovered a plot to kill him if he spoke.

The South Koreans are just as ruthless—and perhaps even more active in other ways—than SAVAK. The Korean Central Intelligence Agency has a huge staff of operatives in this country, many of them serving in "front" groups that propagandize for support of Korean dictator Park Chung Hee.

As anyone knows who reads the papers, the KCIA has been racked by scandal in recent months. The Justice Department is now investigating cash payments by Koreans to 90 Congressmen and other officials, much of it in the form of campaign contributions, some of it as direct "gifts" to the officials. The outlines of the scandal are already clear: a massive payoff operation, perhaps the largest ever unearthed in Washington, to buy influence and support for South Korea.

But while the payments have captured the headlines, other KCIA activities have been more terrifying. According to testimony taken by the House International Organizations subcommittee, Korean terror

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 40)

teams have been intimidating the large Korean community in this country in an attempt to silence criticism of President Park. Critics are often telephoned and warned that their relatives in Korea will be arrested and tortured if they persist. Many of those who continue to speak out have been beaten. What's more, to finance their operations, the KCIA has been extorting money from Korean residents and businessmen, according to the Congressional testimony.

"It's very terrifying," said one Korean student. "You know they are watching all the time. If you do anything they don't like, they may come try to hurt you. And always you are warned of what will happen to you when you return to Korea. Or what harm you may bring to your family and friends."

"They seem to know everything. It is a very helpless feeling because the American authorities do nothing. I don't know any Korean who has not been asked for money—demanded money from—and warned to be silent about the regime. And we are just helpless to stop it."

Why? Why should refugees or visitors from abroad have to fear hit squads from their homelands in this country? Why aren't they protected?

One possible reason is the close ties each of the right-wing foreign intelligence agencies has with our CIA. From South Africa's BOSS to Brazil's infamous DOPS—both active here—virtually all the right-wing dictatorships maintain tight working relationships with the CIA. In the case of South Korea, Iran and Chile . . . well, the CIA trained and established the secret police of the first two, and many former CIA henchmen and informers in Chile ended up working for DINA. Almost certainly, the CIA, if it wanted to, could identify and thereby neutralize every foreign intelligence operative engaged in harassment here. Instead, the CIA may even be engaged in assisting the foreign hit squads—as well as providing a safe haven for them. In fact, a Congress-

sional committee headed by Rep. Donald Fraser (D-Minn), is investigating evidence of just that possibility.

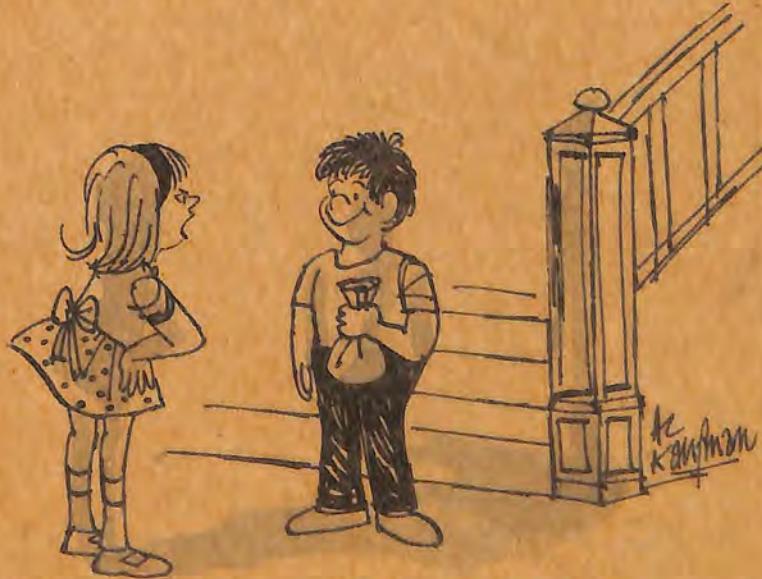
Jack Anderson, quoting sources in the intelligence community, has already reported that the CIA cooperates with SAVAK's activities here. The Shah, it should be remembered, stated flatly that U.S. authorities knew of the operations of his agents here. Apparently, the CIA also paves the way for local police to cooperate with SAVAK as well. Last year, for example, the head of SAVAK, General Nasiri, visited Houston and met with the local police. Soon after, police began a crackdown on the local Iranian community, particularly the students. In one major incident, police arrested 125 students demonstrating against the Shah, beating many of them in the process. Nasiri's introduction to Houston police officials was reportedly arranged by the CIA.

As for the Chileans . . . well, the Director of DINA, Manuel Contreras, met with high CIA officials on his last visit to this country—which he admitted to several Congressmen. . . . The chief spokesman for the Chilean embassy was formerly on the CIA payroll as a propagandist in Chile against the Allende government, and only minutes after Letelier's murder, he was reportedly already spreading false stories that Letelier had blown himself up. . . . And the Cuban refugees implicated in that murder were also at one time on the CIA payroll, according to several published reports.

Clearly, it's an outrage for foreign hit squads to feel they can operate in this country with impunity. If our own CIA is involved, it's even more of an outrage. It is an ugly blot on our reputation as safe haven for the persecuted and, indeed, for all foreigners seeking peace.

Congress is already investigating. It's time the Justice Department got into the act also. A lot of people—from the hit squad goons to those who cover up for them—belong in jail.

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## SUE AND COLLECT

Continued from page 30

An independent mechanic later reported: "There was no keeper pin in the master cylinder stud which also was defective. A real sloppy job was done both at the factory and in that dealer's service department. It's a crime to sell any car in that condition."

Nicholson, who was out \$4200 in lost income and medical costs, said he would settle his claim for the exact amount of his out-of-pocket expenses. But the dealer stalled and the manufacturer's representatives "tried to stonewall me," in this victim's words.

"I was plenty burned by their attitude and how each denied responsibility. The lawyer I consulted sued both of 'em. When the evidence was in, the jury gave me \$28,000, mostly so-called exemplary damages. Maybe it was a good lesson to the losers. Next time, they won't be so chintzy about paying a fair claim when somebody is hurt through their negligence!"

When Harry Reid, a Duluth house-painter, drove his ailing wife to a Minneapolis heart specialist, the left front tire of his five-month-old car blew out. The car bucked and swerved into a bridge abutment. Mrs. Reid was hurtled

from the sedan and died instantly under the wheels of an oncoming bus. Reid himself suffered the loss of three fingers and a broken leg.

The tires were original equipment on the vehicle whose odometer showed only 3900 miles. But when this car owner brought suit, the car maker and the tire manufacturer both denied responsibility, charging that Reid had been negligent by keeping his tires under-inflated and by overloading his vehicle.

"When my case got to court," he told me, "my lawyer easily disproved their charges by statements from the highway patrol and from the state weighing station. After the accident, they found my car had not been overloaded as it carried just my wife and myself plus two suitcases. My other three tires had shown proper inflation at 29 pounds.

"Then a testing laboratory expert testified that the blown tire had a dangerous heat build-up in excess of 400 degrees. The heat had literally cooked the sidewalls which were brittle as old toast. No wonder I had a blowout, though I was driving steadily at 50 miles an hour."

The jury was out only 35 minutes on this case. The result: a \$145,000 award to Harry Reid and his two minor children. As one juror later told this grieving widower:

"If I'd had my way, you'd have received a quarter-million dollars. My own dad was killed ten years ago in a similar accident caused by a lousy tire which was original equipment on a new car. My family was so stunned by his death that

we didn't consider suing. I'm glad you did and that you won."

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Because their products are relied on implicitly by customers, many of whom are the patients of physicians, drug manufacturers have been especially hard hit by new and tough product liability laws. As one pharmaceutical industry spokesman points out, the sizable court awards to victims of drugs which have unanticipated, dangerous, or fatal side effects can have an adverse effect on the development and availability of new "wonder drugs" in the future.

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(Continued on page 47)

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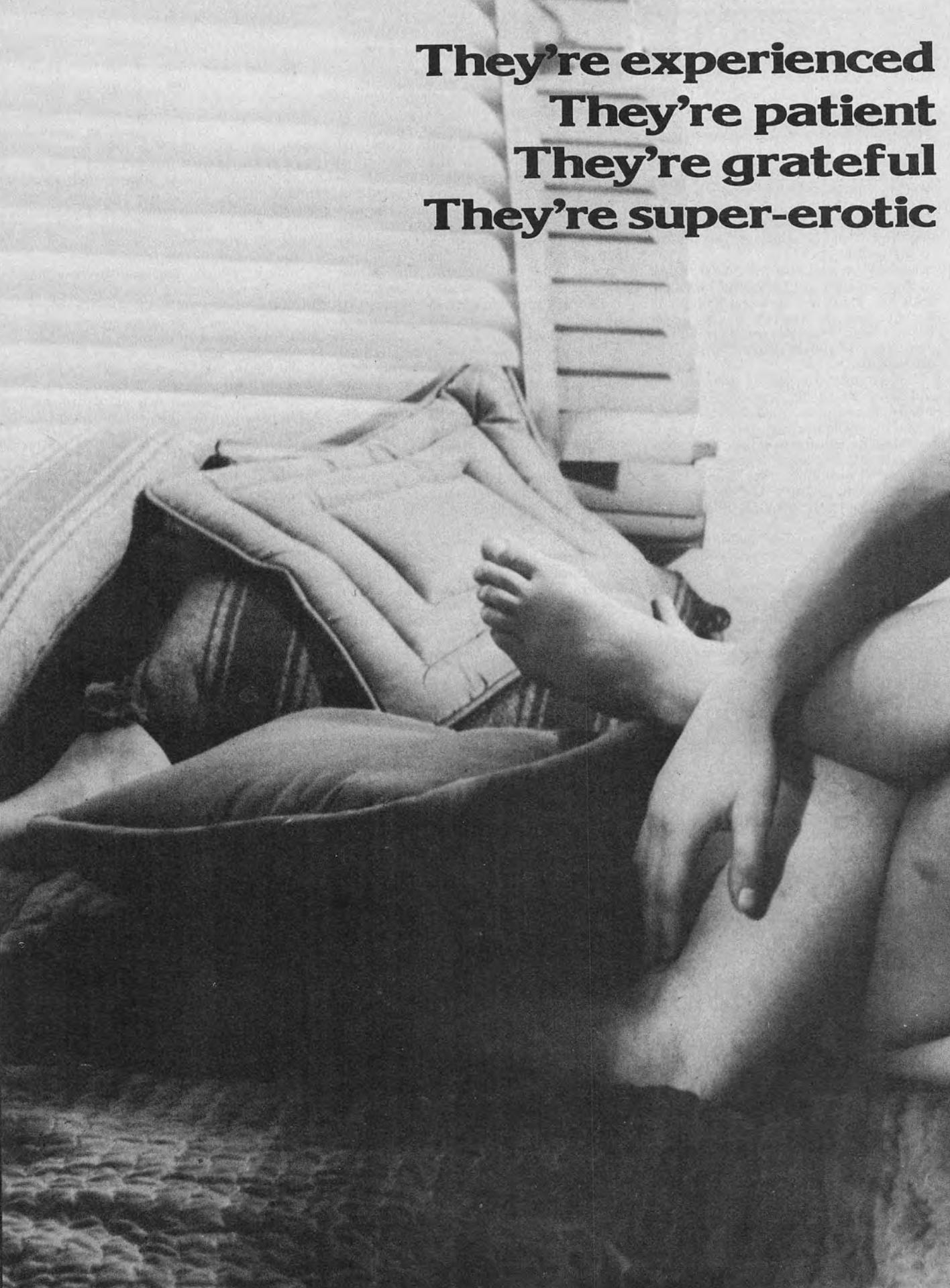
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# WHY OLDER WOMEN ARE BETTER IN BED

by R.W. WILSON, Ph.D.

"Back in the fifties, you practically had to go steady with a girl before she'd let you touch her tits—and that was with her bra on," snorted Alex F., remembering his early dating experiences. "And if you wanted to get into her pants, you damn near had to propose on the spot. So you wound up dating

a nice girl and getting blue balls. Then you'd take her home and turn around and go out with the town tramp to get your rocks off. If you did get into the pants of one of those goody-goodies, she acted like she was doing you such a Goddamn favor. The truth was they were really lousy lays. What did they know



## **"Sure we all love those young, foxy mini-chicks, but for a sack session you'll never forget, there's nothing like getting it on with an 'I've been around' partner."**

about sex? They thought all they had to do was spread their legs and lie there. I'll bet they hadn't even heard of an orgasm, least of all had one. Frankly, it was better than jacking off, but not much.

"And then I met Sam. Funny, she wasn't even that pretty, she was at least five years older than me, but she had a way about her that promised things, the kind of things a man really wants. I liked Sam because she knew what she wanted—no bullshit, no promises—just some good, clean fucking.

"I'll never forget the first time we made love. I kissed her and stuff, and once I got inside I went like sixty. Man, I had stamina. When it was over, I didn't exactly expect applause, but the last thing I expected was what she said: 'Is that it?' I almost walked out, but she stopped me and said, 'Look, I'm no little girl in the backseat of your father's car. I'm a woman, and I am going to show you how to make love to me like you're a man....

"I wasn't thrilled about having a woman teach me about sex, but each time we made love it got better and better. We spent hours just getting each other all excited. She gave me blow jobs that practically blew my mind, too. And she didn't act like she was doing me a favor when she did either. She acted like it really turned her on to feel my stiff cock in her mouth. And the way she'd use her tongue! She'd be so wet from doing it that I'd slip right into her. If I'd have even dared to ask a girl I was dating to go down on me she'd probably be calling the police screaming, 'Pervert' before I could get it up.

"Sam taught me how to really enjoy sex. She knew our affair wouldn't last, but while it did, she taught me everything she knew. And it paid off for her—I know I was the best lover she ever had by the time we broke up. Why shouldn't I have been? She taught me exactly how to please her the way she wanted to be pleased. And I know I pleased her. She'd come five, six, seven times in one session! And after it was over between us, and I'd hear my new girl friend moan with pleasure, I thanked my lucky stars for meeting Sam. In a way, she made me the lover I am today, something only an experienced woman could have done for me."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Girls nowadays will drop their panties at the sight of a good stiff cock. You don't have to coax them. In fact, some of them will walk right up and proposition you. Why, the other night this woman waltzed up and said, 'Wanna fuck?'" Bob S. told us. "The trouble is that they think they're hot stuff—but they aren't. Get most of those girls in bed, the ones with the tight, tight pants and the braless tops, and they're all show and no fun. Why half of them don't even have orgasms. They just run around trying to find a man who can give them the big o. I feel really sorry for them. I've had a number of affairs with

women who are older than I am, and I'll take the older woman anytime. That's right. Older women appreciate you. They aren't as spoiled and used to being chased as some kid who has a set of big tits. Older women appreciate all your attention, especially an eager young stud in bed with them. And they show it. I mean in these days they'll take you out to dinner or buy you a little gift. Another advantage to seeing an older woman is you don't have to make any promises. She's much more realistic about where she stands with you. She isn't trying to marry you after the third date. If I date a little girl who lives at home, I have to go through all the bullshit of picking her up, meeting her parents. The old man always gives you the eye like you're going to get his little baby pregnant or at least give her VD. Little does he know I'm worried about getting VD from her because she's probably doing it with a different guy every night. An older woman is much more discriminating about who she'll go to bed with. In my book, the younger girl is eager but not very good—and not usually worth the trouble.

"Once you get a taste for a good session in the sack, you don't want to be bothered chasing the young ones. But my favorite sex partner is the married woman whose old man isn't giving her enough. There isn't anything a woman in that position won't do for a man who can please her. She's making love for the pure pleasure of it—and she's not holding back. She's putting everything she's got into it right now! She can't afford to hope there will be another time. She wants it now! And making it with a married woman has the added attraction of letting you be free to come and go as you please because she's in no position to make demands on your time or ask where you've been. A single girl is much, much more jealous and possessive. Girls these days may act as if it's for free, that they're giving it away, but show them a little attention and the next thing you know they're throwing a fit because you looked at another woman.

"I've had this thing going for the past six months with Marylou. Her husband is a truck driver, and sometimes he's on the road for days. So I keep her company

when her old man is away. Why her? There are prettier girls, girls whose husbands might not walk in in the middle of the night and bash my brains in, but Marylou is worth it. She's the kind of hot-blooded woman who needs sex every night, and needs it bad! I know she does things with me that she doesn't even do with her husband! They've been married for ten years, and apparently he's taken her for granted. He used to come home from a trip and hop into the sack. Now he's more likely to just fall asleep. Women like that are just sitting ducks for the first guy like me who comes along. And I'm good to Marylou, too. I always make sure she's satisfied.

"Why, the first night we got together I fucked her till the sun came up. And when we finally fell asleep, she was one hell of a satisfied woman. Why should I trade her for some young girl who's going to be after me to spend all kinds of money on her when Marylou is happy just being with me?"

\*\*\*\*\*

"I spent half my life in the bathroom when I was fourteen. I was horny all the time. I had sex on the brain. So I thought it was my imagination when Mrs. Proctor, my mother's best friend, started coming on to me," related Randolph R. "After all, she'd known me since I'd been in diapers and yet here she was acting just the way a girl does when she likes you. She found excuses to come around. She'd laugh at my jokes. She found ways to touch me. But after a while I began to realize that it wasn't my imagination—my mother's best friend was hot after my young body. I would have loved to have done something about it, but I didn't want her running to my mother and yelling rape or having her husband come after me with a shotgun if I was wrong about it. So I decided to leave it all up to her. Fortunately, I didn't have long to wait. One day she called up my mother and said she was all alone and could she 'borrow' me to do a few chores. You know, my mother was a real smart lady, but she didn't see what was coming off with this one. She sent me right over. I combed my hair, put on a fresh pair of jeans and slipped a rubber I'd copped from my father's supply into my back pocket.

"When I got to her house I rang the bell but there was no answer. I tried the door and found it open. 'Randy, up here,' I heard her call. I went up the stairs and into their bedroom. Man, that lady didn't fuck around. There she was lying stark naked on this king-sized bed. 'Come on in. My husband won't be home for hours,' she invited me, holding her arms out.

Then she stood up and walked across the room and kissed me full on the lips. I could feel her nipples against my chest. I could smell this womanly scent. Slowly, kissing me everywhere, she began to undress me. Then she led me over to the bed

*(Editor's Note: The Institute for the Study of Human Sexual Behavior recently issued a report on its 10-year survey of sexual compatibility. After interviewing over 5,000 men and women, it reached the conclusion that, among men, the first choice of a sex partner was an older, more experienced female. The editors of STAG have excerpted some of the more revealing of these interviews, which will be published in book form early this fall.)*

*(Continued on page 76)*

(Continued from page 43)

"By a process of elimination, the hospital lab zeroed in on Jeff's new laxative as the possible cause of his critical illness. Tests confirmed their suspicion: the product contained formaldehyde—not sufficient to sicken an adult but enough to bring agony and even death to small or frail child."

This attorney produced the case histories of seven other children who had suffered dire effects after swallowing the new compound. The fact that Jeff was not alone in his grievance clinched his case for the jurors. Their award was \$35,000. Of this sum, \$25,000 was punitive damages assessed the drug company because it had not adequately warned about the possible adverse consequences of administering the laxative to small children.

Most manufacturers carry product-liability insurance which protects them against claims by consumers. But the underwriters are getting skittish—if not downright panicky—about the torrent of court awards and out-of-court settlements which cost the insurance industry dearly.

The government's Task Force on Product Liability reported in January, 1977, that aggrieved individuals are winning so many cases—and such sizable damages—that "a number of firms, large and small, are going without product liability insurance." (This means that if a manufacturer who has no liability insurance has to pay jury awards in excess of his

financial resources, he may very well be forced to close his doors or to declare bankruptcy.)

So successful have consumers been in suits against major corporations that some companies, added the Task Force, "are foregoing or delaying the introduction of new products."

*On the other hand: "My heart bleeds for em,"* snorts a renowned Dallas attorney who has won almost \$5,000,000 in the past decade for consumers injured or sickened by badly-made or improperly-tested products.

"The big shots bellyache plenty about paying out lawsuit money. They whine that they'll either go broke or have to pass on their losses to the public in the form of higher prices. But if they'd use care and prudence in turning out their products, the present rash of lawsuits would soon diminish."

Meanwhile, the once hapless consumers are making good use of their improved legal rights against the sellers and makers of dangerous wares.

For example, there's the Dick Jennings family in Rye, New York, which endured a baffling medical nightmare for many months until the mystery was cleared up. It happened this way:

In March of 1971, Mrs. Jennings experienced nausea, stomach pains, low-grade fever, and a chronic feeling of weakness. By December, the entire family had some or most of this woman's symptoms. After extensive testing, a horrifying verdict emerged: You and your family are the victims of arsenic poison-

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ing—a serious, often lethal affliction.

But how was arsenic filtering into this pleasant suburban home? Why was the strange illness continuing? The family was puzzled—and frightened. Finally, by a process of elimination, Mrs. Jennings kept thinking about her balky dishwasher which still wasn't cleaning dishes properly after several service calls.

Months earlier, her husband had applied a factory-distributed sealant to a loose vinyl gasket in the dishwasher. But the crockery still didn't wash clean. Strange brittle specks—like tiny crystals—clung to glasses and plates. Could this possibly have anything to do with the symptoms of arsenic poisoning? the Jennings asked themselves.

Retrieving the half-empty can of sealant from a shelf, the ailing but determined Mrs. Jennings made a dozen phone calls to the manufacturer, wholesalers, and retailers, trying to learn what ingredients were in the product.

Nobody seemed to know—or would talk freely. Finally, one factory executive said grudgingly: "There's a very small amount of arsenic in our sealer to help it resist mildew. Really, it's no more arsenic than you'd find in eating three shrimp."

The family's influenza-like bouts continued. Finally, her anxiety about the sealant still churning in her mind, Mrs. Jennings took the suspect product to an attorney who had it chemically tested.

The verdict was grim: This product contains more than 25 times the arsenic level conceded by manufacturers' representatives. The crystal specks clinging to glasses, cups and plates are particles of this poison which must still be present in the gasket and sealant.

Years of litigation ensued. Now that the Jennings no longer use the dishwasher or the contaminated crockery, they report no further weakness and illness. Recently, the manufacturer of the dishwasher and sealant offered the family \$25,000 to settle its claim, but asserts "there is no assumption of culpability on our part or the product involved."

At this writing, the family is mulling the offer, still worried that delayed effects of prolonged arsenic poisoning may wreak further havoc among family members in future years.

\*\*\*\*\*

Toys are a prime source of danger in the market place, for manufacturers still rush to their dealers scores of risky games, vehicles, weapons, chemistry sets and imported playthings which can maim, sicken, and even kill. One of these young victims was six-year-old Nancy Tremaine of Spokane, Washington, who doted on the miniature electric cook-stove she received as a Christmas present.

But unknown to her parents, the "toy" appliance could reach temperatures in excess of 800 degrees on its cooking surface. Tragedy struck two days after Christmas.

Nancy stumbled against the red-hot surface of the little stove. Her screams mingled with the odor of charring flesh. Her father yanked her away from the deadly gift, but six seconds of contact had left the child's cheeks and forehead a blackened, peeling mess.

She was hospitalized for ten days and must undergo a series of operations to restore her hideously-scarred features. Despite the lethal nature of their product, the stove's makers balked at making any payment for medical fees, using as their "out" a small-type warning on the stove's carton:

*This product may be dangerous if misused or if children are not supervised during its operation.*

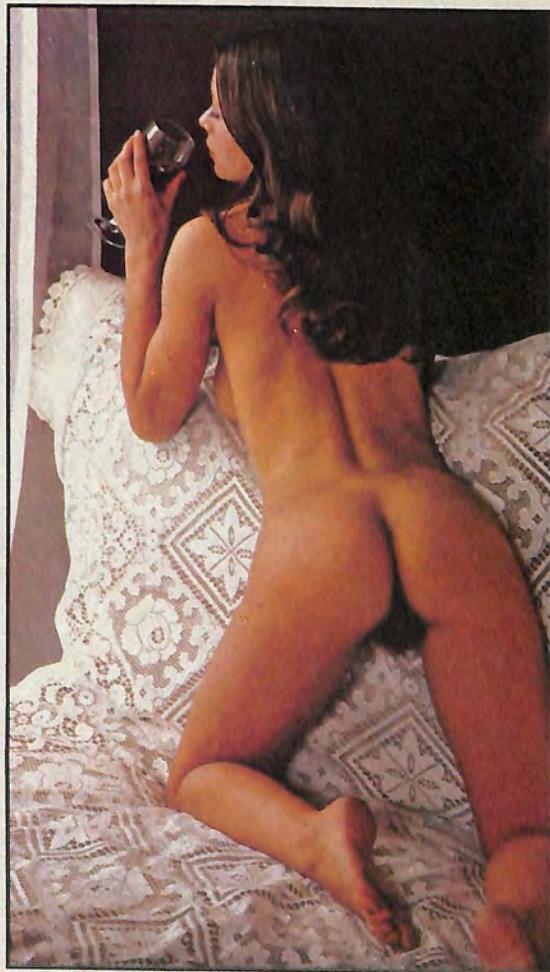
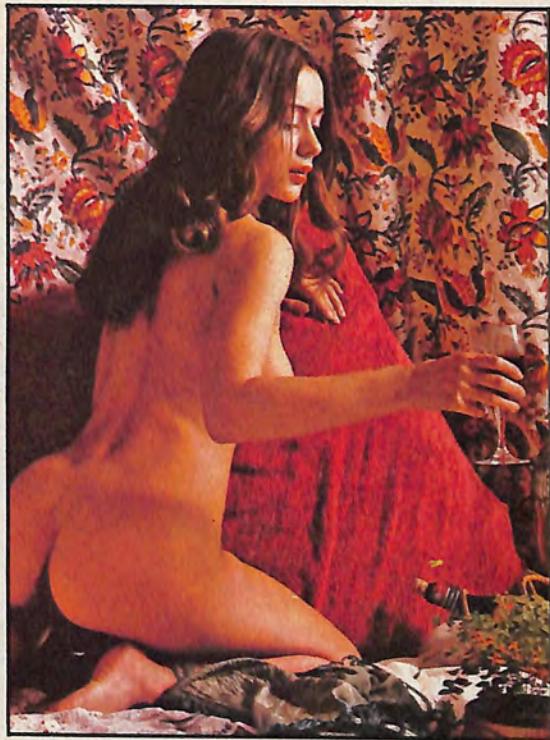
However, an indignant jury hearing this case readily decided that the inconspicuous warning was insufficient to get the manufacturer off the hook. They awarded Nancy \$46,000, to be held in trust for her present and future medical expenses and education.

In former years, many stores, wholesalers, and manufacturers successfully ducked legal and financial responsibility by warning (usually in garbled language

(Continued on page 55)



"Whatever you say or do in this room will not go beyond these walls. It's privileged information between doctor and patient. . . . You wanna screw?"



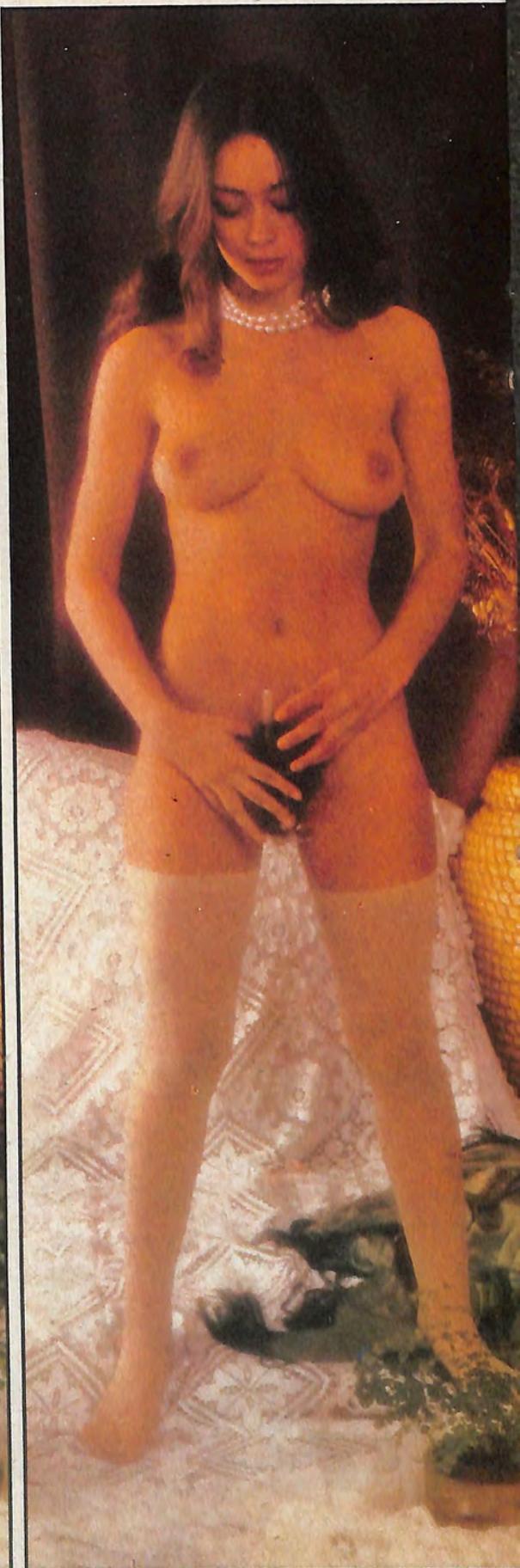
# WINE BEFORE BED

*"My father always gave me and my sisters a glass of wine before bed,"* 22-year-old Mimi told us. *"Where I come from in the south of France that's a custom all children grow up with. But now that I'm a big girl I've carried tradition a bit further. I guess it all started when I was 16—that's when I realized that beds are not just for sleeping."*





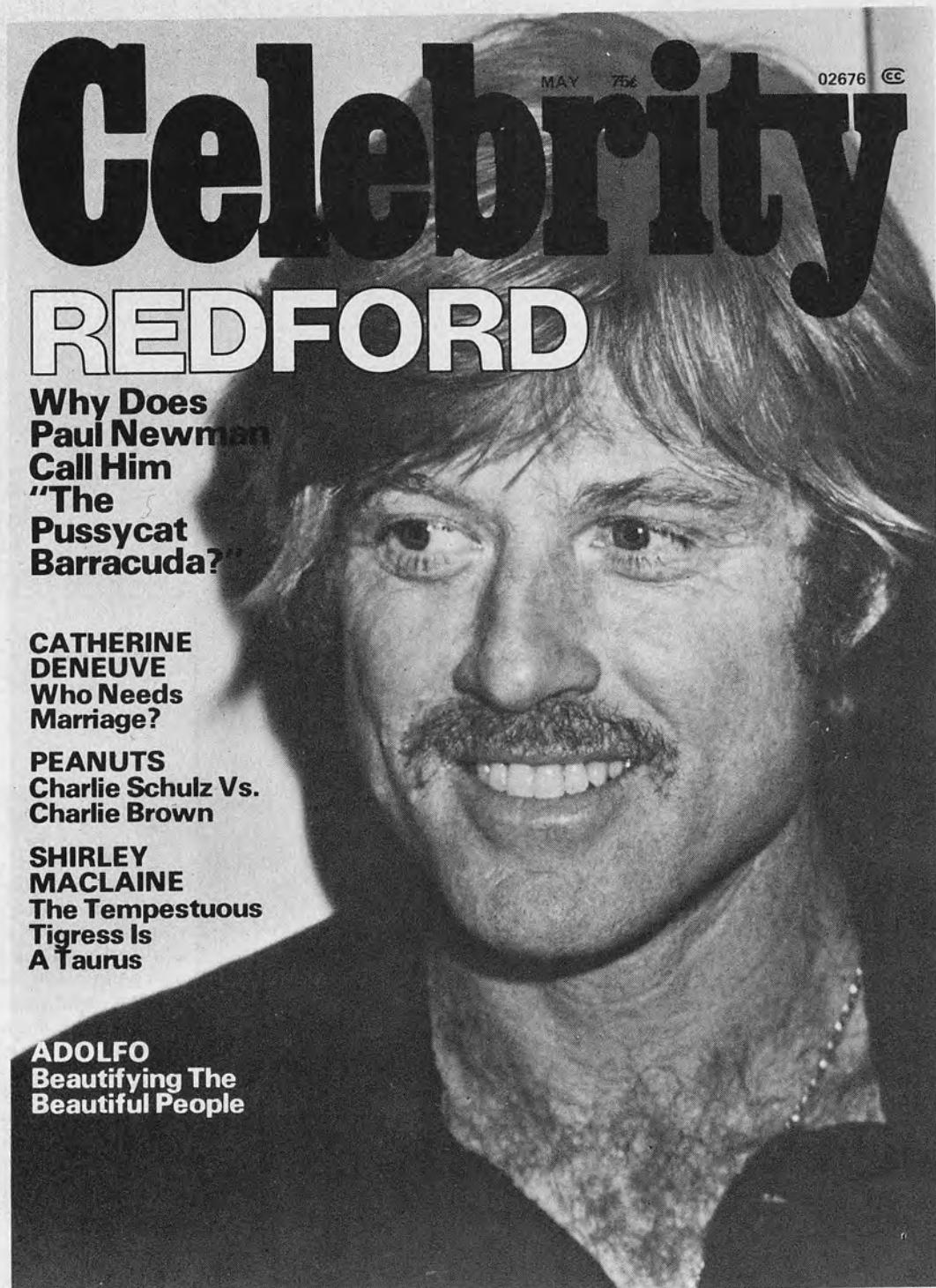
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*"That was a valuable lesson to learn, although my father went looking for the guy who had pumped me full of Chablis—among other things . . . And I found out something else, too, that day: The wine that had made me very sleepy as a child made me very sexy as a teenager. It warmed me up inside, took away the inhibitions. Now I always have some around, and I've turned a lot of my guys on to it. Some of them like to go beyond the mere glass of wine before bed—preferring to pour it all over me and then slowly lap it off. I don't have to tell you what that does to me! Others, the real energetic ones, get into a full-scale grape-grope. After one of those I need at least three days to catch my breath. Boy, I must really sound kinky. Well, I am . . ."*

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# ON SALE NOW

(Continued from page 48)

or tiny six-point type) that their wares might be "inherently dangerous." (*Caveat emptor*: "Let the buyer beware.") Thus, if you were sickened or injured by a food, drug or appliance, that was your tough luck, if the product bore a label or tag mentioning its risk.

But that's no longer true in most suits involving product liability these days. Here is a case in point:

Nick Toman, a 27-year-old Youngstown, Ohio, mail clerk, bought a \$106 power mower from a mail order company. He read the instruction manual carefully, noting that "caution must be exercised lest the blades eject harmful objects at high speed."

As Toman says, "I have a respect for warnings and used the mower with extreme caution. But it threw up a one-inch stone like a bullet. It went practically through my left eye socket, destroying the eye and affecting vision in the other one."

"That mail order firm and the mower's manufacturer finally offered—through an insurance claims man—a measly \$3000 pre-trial settlement, alleging that I had not used 'prudence' in operating the mower. I turned it down and consulted a top attorney who was experienced in such personal injury matters. Seven months later, a jury awarded me \$65,000 damages, levied against both parties. They evidently felt that a mere printed warning about a dangerous product is not enough: the mower should

have been made safe or removed from sale."

\*\*\*\*\*

If you believe you have a valid complaint about a product which has harmed you or a member of your family, your best bet usually is to consult an attorney instead of seeking to handle the matter yourself. As one insurance claims specialist admitted to me:

"Sure, if we have to settle, we'd rather deal with the claimant rather than face a court test of his plea for damages. As a rule, we can settle for about 15% of what a successful plaintiff might get from a jury."

Here are other suggestions which may put important money in your wallet if you or a family member suffers injury from a product you believe to be unsafe, inadequately tested, or sloppily inspected.

—Consult top doctors or specialists and try to get their statement or belief about the cause of the injury or illness. Get the opinion in writing—and signed—if you can. Otherwise, jot down the expert's words and preserve them for your file.

—Assemble a file of vital papers pertaining to your complaint: sales slips, cancelled checks, bills, receipts, warranties or guarantees, and correspondence with stores, wholesalers and manufacturers.

—If you talk with store or manufacturing officials about your complaint, preserve notes on your conversation. These notations may prove helpful if your case comes to trial.

—If your claim is modest (from \$50 to \$500), try your local Small Claims Court. The filing fees range from \$5 to \$24; you will not need a lawyer, and if your plea has merit, you may get a speedy settlement.

—Consult consumers' protection bureaus and organizations. Most of them keep records of customer complaints, and have a special concern for dangerous products.

You may find four or five other buyers of the same product who—like you or your family—were made ill or were injured by its use. A joint claim by a group of people costs less in legal fees and carries more weight with a jury, than if you alone (and your attorney) had to battle the corporation and its insurance underwriters.

—When you decide to retain legal counsel, consult your local bar association or lawyers' referral service for the names of ethical attorneys who specialize in product liability cases. (It would be foolish to allow a divorce specialist, for example, to handle a personal injury matter. Expertise counts!)

—Very important: never sign a release or waiver of claim—without your own legal counsel—even if it is accompanied by a check, until you know the true extent of your sickness or injury.

Wait a few weeks—or months—until all medical findings and bills are at hand. Then, even without a lawsuit, you may receive compensation far in excess of the sum originally offered in settlement of your claim.

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## YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX

(Continued from page 6)

I'll volunteer one: your urologist is a crackpot and an incompetent physician. Venereal disease can be transmitted orally, but it is even more contagious through intercourse. You almost certainly do have V.D. (probably gonorrhea) and it presumably was transmitted orally, but you would almost certainly have caught it from the same partner even if you did not perform oral sex. Consult a Public Health Service V.D. clinic for prompt treatment without a lecture, and steer clear of that urologist.

I had a date last week with a chick who was really into sex. We went to bed on our first date and loved up a storm. But every time I put my penis inside her and started to move, it slipped out. She gave me a blow-job to make me come, so I went away satisfied. But I'd still like to fuck her. Can you give me any clues as to why I keep sliding out? Could it be that this girl gets so excited she overlubricates? It never happened to me with any other girl.

J.J., Nebraska

Her lubrication shouldn't cause your penis to slip out. Probably she isn't arching her hips at an angle that makes it easy for you to stay inside or she's pulling too far away from you on her backstroke. Next time, tell her to try pushing her hips toward you, as if completing the bottom arc of a letter "c." If that doesn't work, have her get into position on top of you.

Psychologists often write that prostitutes have pimps because they need a "husband-substitute" or a "father-figure." I can't imagine all these women turning over their money to a guy strictly for psychological reasons. Can you shed any light on this?

T.R., Kentucky

In most localities, pimps compete with each other for "territories" much as mobsters did during the "protection" racket era decades ago. In other words, the girl is being shaken down by the pimp, who will manhandle her if she works his territory without paying. He also pays off vice cops or, if they are not on the take, pays a lawyer to defend the girl when she is arrested. Some prostitutes do develop emotional relations with pimps, but my impression is that the vast majority pay because they feel they have no choice.

What is a "pudendum"? I've seen the word in medical descriptions of sex, but I can't find such a body part on any anatomy charts.

E.W., Illinois

The term, rarely used these days, refers to the whole genital apparatus—penis and testicles, or vulva and vagina. It derives from a Latin word meaning "shame," the thought among unenlightened early medical writers being that these organs were something to be ashamed of.

Now that girls are maturing so much more rapidly than in years past, at what age is a teenager capable of getting pregnant?

N.T., West Virginia

Pregnancy can happen any time after menstruation. The average age for onset of menstruation in the U.S. is 12.8. This is not a sign of more rapid maturity than in years past; the age has remained the same for the past 30 years.

Is there one kind of alcoholic beverage that's better for turning girls on than any other?

T.R., Wisconsin

Women generally respond to the beverages that have given them the best times in the past rather than to any specific chemical properties in the various beverages. Statistically, wine seems to be #1, followed by beer, followed by hard liquor—probably because wine is only mildly alcoholic and has an image of luxurious living, while beer tends to be associated mainly with men and distilled spirits tend to intoxicate too quickly.

I've noticed that the dicks on statues in museums are always very small. Were tiny dicks considered highly desirable in the olden days? If not, why did all the sculptors portray men that way?

V.G., New Jersey

Perhaps to boost the morale of men who saw the statues and realized that their own were bigger. Or perhaps the



"Oh, this is Mr. Armbruster who always wanted to know me better. And since this is his last chance. . . ."

average penis has gotten bigger over the years. Whatever the case, there is nothing in classical writings to indicate that small ones were particularly prized in those days.

Last month my wife and I had a baby girl. Recently while I was holding her, I got an erection. The baby's face was near my penis. The organ brushed against her cheek, and she immediately turned to it and started sucking on it furiously. Her tongue action was fabulous, and I came in less than a minute. I barely was able to pull it out of her mouth in time to ejaculate. Even then, she didn't want to let it go—she really loved it. Does this mean my daughter will grow up to be a whore? Should I let her do this again, if she wants to? At what age should I make her stop in order to insure normal sexual development for her?

R.K., Iowa

Babies have a so-called "rooting reflex," as a result of which they turn toward and start sucking whatever is touched to their cheek—a mother's breast, the nipple of a bottle, a finger, etc. The instinct relates to nourishment, not sex. Your penis just happened to be there—why, I can only conjecture. Do not worry about this one experience affecting your daughter's future. But stop immediately, unless you want to risk creating all sorts of psychological problems for her.

How long can you store a condom? I recently used one that was about 5 years old and it busted while I was inside the girl. Luckily, she did not get pregnant.

L.T., Texas

The maximum storage life of a condom in a cool dry place is about 4 years. In your wallet, because of heat and friction, it's risky to keep one for more than 4 or 5 months.

A few months ago I got gonorrhea. I was dating only one girl at the time, and the doctor said it had to be she who gave it to me, but she insisted I was her only lover since she divorced her husband. She went to her doctor for an exam, and he said she didn't have it. Now, just two weeks ago, I dated her again and got another dose. She swears up and down that I'm the only guy she made love to. She says her doctor says she doesn't have it. She has no signs or symptoms of any kind. What do you think of this situation?

J.B., Ontario

It's possible she is a carrier of gonorrhea without having symptoms. If she is telling the truth about having no other lovers, she could have caught it from her husband. I have a hunch she did not consult a physician but only told you this because she was embarrassed about the disease and could not conceive of herself having it. Persuade her to get examined and treated at a clinic of the U.S. Public Health Service. There are V.D. experts there, and treatment is free.

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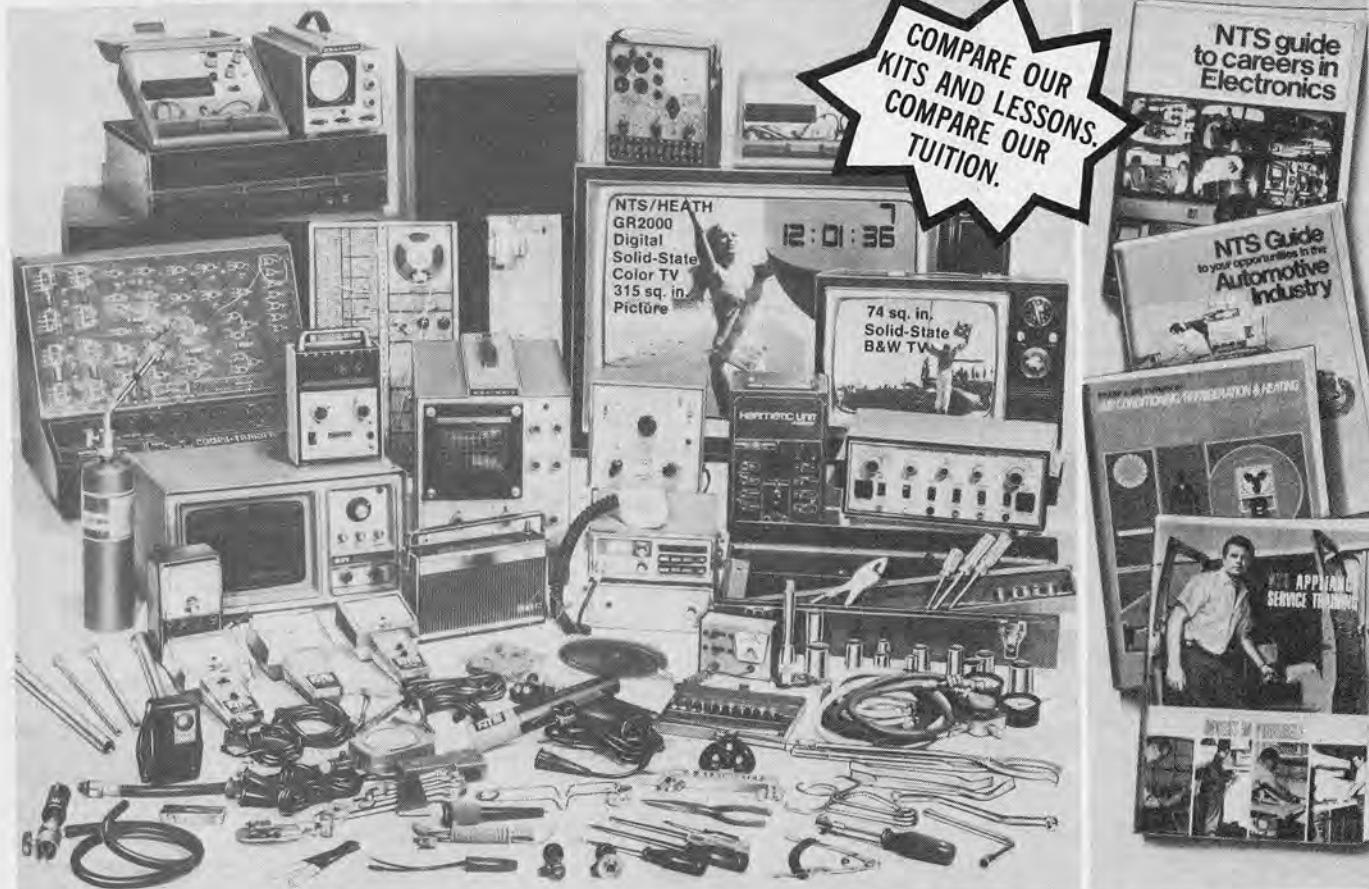
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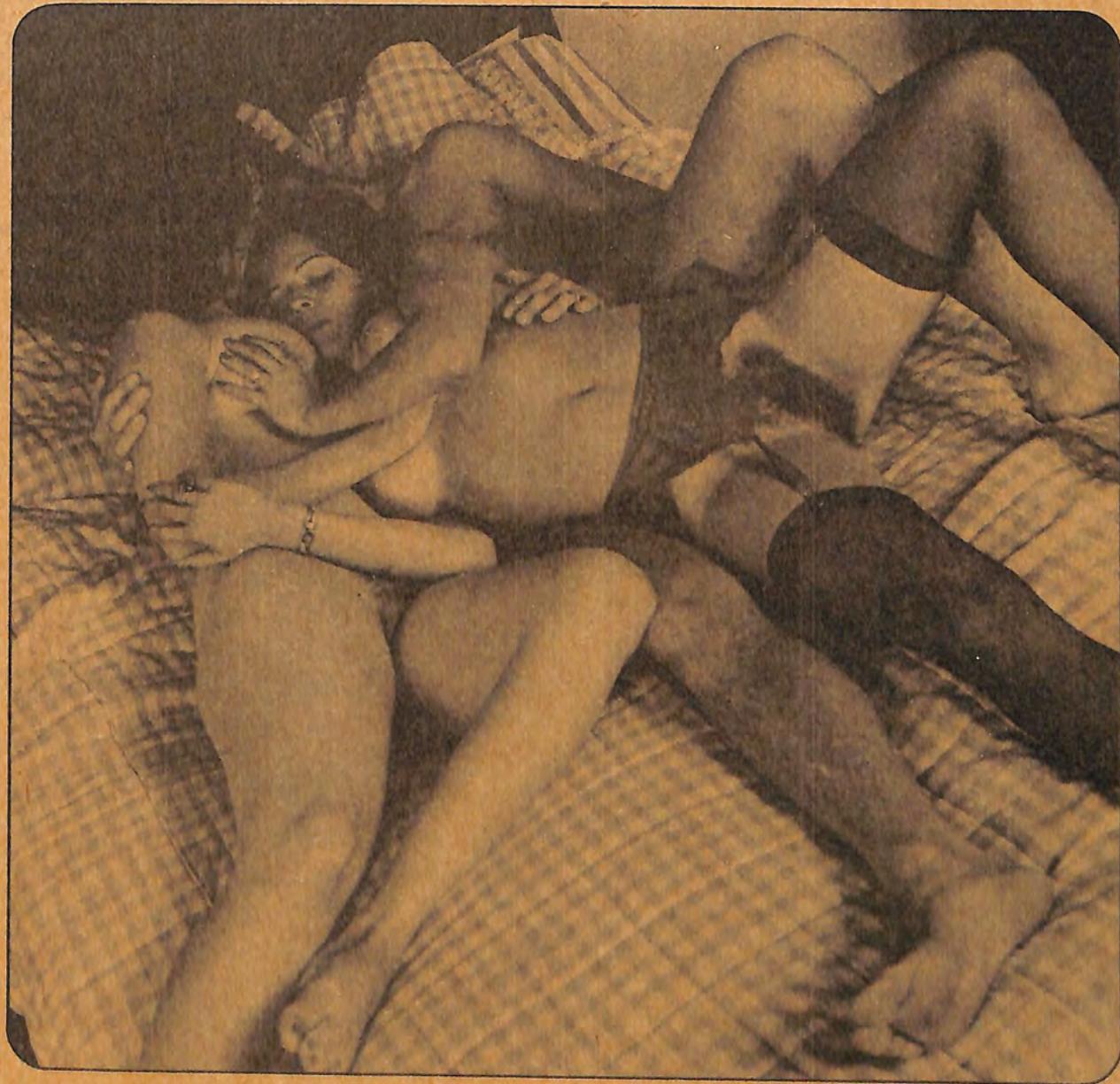
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# **“THE MOST SHOCKING SEX ACT I EVER PERFORMED**



**10 ordinary women living ordinary lives—  
except for that one extraordinary night, that way-out  
bedroom session they'll never forget.**

**edited by DR. JANE S. CALDER**

What makes a woman dare the sexually shocking, the forbidden, the taboo? How many women have sexual secrets that would startle their families and friends, their husbands or lovers?

I recently asked 100 women to describe the one experience they have had which they believed most

people would find shocking. My interviewees were not prostitutes or other sexual sophisticates who might be expected to be uninhibited. They were absolutely typical American women—the secretaries and factory workers, and housewives and college girls who populate the real world. Here are 10 answers typical of those

I received, followed by my comments . . .

\*\*\*\*\*

**DEBBIE K., 21, Counter Girl In Soda Fountain, Oklahoma**—I was taking a bus from St. Louis to Oklahoma City. I was on my way home after breaking up with my boyfriend, who was in the Army, stationed at Fort Leonard Wood. We'd spent the weekend together and had a big fight, and I was blue as can be.

At Joplin, a guy got on and took the seat next to me. He was about 28, tall, slim, and had a thick moustache. I normally don't go for moustaches, but there was something in this guy's eyes that really appealed to me. Besides, he was very nice and, in the mood I was in, I needed all the kindness and understanding I could get.

For about 50 miles we talked very generally—where we were going, where we were coming from, things like that. Then, as it got dark outside the bus, he put his arm around me. I started feeling very sexy.

He was wearing tight pants, and the outline of his cock was very clear along his leg. I suddenly had an urge to touch it. I held back but, as we continued talking, I brought my face near his in a way that made it clear I'd enjoy being kissed. He kissed me, and I took his tongue deeply into my mouth. After a few minutes he brought his hand near my breast, as if daring himself to touch it. I moved toward him so that suddenly it was in his hand. At the same time, I sort of lunged forward and let myself land with my hand on his cock. After a while he put his trenchcoat over our laps so that other passengers wouldn't see him reach inside my jeans to put his finger into my vagina. I unzipped his fly and began playing with him openly.

Before long we both had gone too far to stop. I asked if he was getting off at Oklahoma City—we could go to a motel together. No, he was continuing on to Amarillo and couldn't delay because tomorrow was his first day on a new job. Well, no other choice—we had to fuck on the bus.

Still keeping the trenchcoat over us, we positioned ourselves so that I was sitting on his lap. I put one leg across the seat and stretched the other one out on the floor. He maneuvered his cock up inside me, and I was so hungry for it I could almost hear my vagina go *slurp* as I sucked it in.

The swaying and jouncing movements of the bus contributed to our sensation. The position made it hard for me to come, but he fingered my clit while he fucked me and that got me off. Afterwards, we continued to ride with his cock inside me until the bus pulled into downtown Oklahoma City.

When I got off the bus, we kissed goodbye. It wasn't until I was in bed at home that I realized we never even told each other our names.

\*\*\*\*\*

**GERALDINE B., 26, Stewardess, California**—Paul and I met on a flight to Denver. We went to dinner and to bed that same night, and that was the start of a long friendship. Though he lived in Denver and I in San Francisco, seeing each other was no problem. He came to San Francisco once a month on business, and I made it a point always to bid a Denver route so I could see him regularly there.

One of the things I liked best about him was that he made no demands on me. Even after we got fairly serious about each other, he never hassled me about whether I was dating other men. In fact, we frequently discussed our relationships with other lovers.

One night Paul confided in me that he'd always wanted to be in bed with two girls at the same time. That really rang a bell with me because, not too long before, one of the girls I fly with, Barbara, told me that she was into "the threesies scene," as she called it. I'd never even considered it for myself, but now that I knew Paul wanted it, I began to be interested.

I spoke to Barbara about it, and she said she'd be game if I would reciprocate with one of her guys. I knew Paul's birthday was coming up, so I arranged for our scene to happen then.

Barbara and I bid the same flight to Denver. When I showed up for my date with Paul, she was with me. "I brought you a special present," I said. "But I'm not going to tell you what it is until you take us both to dinner." He seemed dismayed that I had someone else with me, but he said nothing and we went to dinner at one of his favorite restaurants. When the three of us walked in, the owner said to Paul, "Look at you with these two beautiful ladies! I'll bet you're going





**"When they dared me to strip in front of everybody, the idea really turned me on. No way I could have predicted that I'd wind up giving some dude all-out head on center stage."**

to keep them both for yourself, too." Little did he—or Paul—know!

When we got back to Paul's apartment, I told him that I had his present but wanted to give it to him in the bedroom. I asked him to wait in the bathroom until I could set things up. When he came into the bedroom, Barbara and I were naked in bed.

We had a grand night of fucking. Barbara and I played with his dick together—four hands at the same time—and then licked it together. Afterwards, I tongued his ass while he fucked her, and then we switched places. Through the night we continued to do whatever our imaginations would permit. I think he came about eight times.

Though we later stopped seeing each other, I'll always remember that night—and several others involving the three of us. My partner these days (to whom I'm married) is much more sedate, and while I'm happy to have settled down to raise a family, I have to admit (if only to myself) that I still miss the wildness of those threesomes sessions.

\*\*\*\*\*

**LINDA R., 23, Secretary, Florida**—I started dating Randy when both of us were in high school. A year after we graduated, he went to South America to work on a high-paying construction job, and we agreed we'd get married as soon as he got enough put away to set up his own business in the states. But after he was gone for several months and didn't write, I began having doubts about our romance and started dating other men.

The next time I heard from Randy was a year later, when he returned to the states for Christmas. We saw each other again—and went to bed, of course—and he acted as if we'd never been apart. I felt my old love for him come back. But a week later he was gone and I was horny, so I started dating other guys again.

It continued like this for two more years, and when Randy finally phoned from Brazil with news that he was ready to marry me, I was dating Warren. I loved and wanted to marry Randy, but I couldn't deny my very strong desires for Warren.

We continued dating right up until the morning Randy arrived. His plane was due at 7 a.m. and the wedding was set for 9. I stayed with Warren until 5:30, then showered, dressed, and went to meet Randy at the airport.

As the minister pronounced Randy and me man and wife, it occurred to me that I probably still had Warren's jism inside me. That's hardly a great way to start a marriage. I guess what I really should have done was level with Randy about what I'd been doing behind his back. In any case, our marriage failed, and after six months we were divorced. Obviously, any girl who can do something as shocking as balling another guy on the morning of her wedding is not as ready for domesticity as she might think.

\*\*\*\*\*

**BARBARA T., 24, School Teacher, Massachusetts**—I went through a wild period in college, a period where they was just about no dare I would not take. One night a guy I was dating invited me to a fraternity party. Then he dared me to do a strip tease. It seemed that one of the brothers was going to Europe on a scholarship, and the others wanted to arrange this strip as his going-away present.

I called my date's bluff. The brothers turned up the volume on the stereo and turned down the lights, and I got up on a table and did my act. I was bashful at first, but in the darkness of the room and with the music so loud, I soon came to feel as if I were alone in my own bathroom. My bashfulness vanished, and I started stripping. Guys chanted encouragement—"Take it off! Take it off!"—as I removed my shoes, my stockings, my blouse, my skirt.

I'd intended to give them a flash of tit, then stop when I got to my panties. But by that point, the guys were screaming for

me to go all the way, and I, to my own great surprise, wanted to do it. The idea of having all these guys hungering for me and yelling to see me nude really turned me on.

I made a big production of taking off my panties—sliding the waistband over one hip, then over the other, then sliding the leghole down just a fraction of an inch, then lowering the waistband just enough to show a little tuft of pubic hair . . .

Finally I was nude—but not alone. One of the frat brothers had leaped up on the table with me. And now he was doing a strip! When he got down to his shorts, I could see the bulge of his erection. It was positively huge—the biggest penis I'd ever seen. And he moved teasingly toward me with it, taking as much time to slip off his shorts as I had with my panties.

I guess I was intoxicated by it, otherwise I would never have done what I did. He approached me, took my head in his hands, pulled me down toward it—and I sucked him off, right there in front of the whole fraternity! Afterwards, I felt terribly humiliated and guilty—and I decided it was time to stop being a college daredevil. Yet, I must admit, it was a powerful and exciting experience. Of course, I never got asked on another date by the guy who had brought me to the frat house—and who dared me in the first place.

\*\*\*\*\*

**SHELLY H., 25, Housewife, Colorado**—My husband and I both were brought up Catholics and deeply resented the anti-sexual teachings to which we'd been subjected by the Church. After we'd been living together for two years, he won a trip for two to Rome in a contest at the company where he's a salesman.

We went through a legal wedding ceremony so that we'd meet the company's requirements for the trip. But once in Rome we decided to stage our own ceremony. We went to the Vatican and, standing before the main altar, repeated our marital vows as I held onto his cock (through his trousers) and he had his hand on my cunt (through my jeans). All I could think of was our good Catholic parents and "if they could see us now . . ."

\*\*\*\*\*

**FRAN, 30, Housewife, South Dakota**—When my husband and I started dating, he didn't have a car, so we spent a great deal of time at my parents' house. We'd catch television with my folks, then ball on the living room sofa after they'd gone to bed.

One night Jerry and I got more aroused than we realized. My mother had gone to bed, but Dad was still there in his favorite Lazy-Boy Recliner, half snoozing in front of the TV. I was on Jerry's lap, secretly fingering his cock in the dark shadows from the TV.

One thing led to another. He slid off my panties, I opened his fly. Then I impaled myself on his dick. We kept our movements to a minimum so as not to disturb Dad. But I'm afraid we couldn't help grunting a little as we came.

Hearing my grunts, Dad bolted upright and said, "What on earth's wrong with you, child?" Then he scowled, mumbled something about being tired, and silently went up to bed. To this day, I can't be sure whether he realized what we were doing.

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**ROSALIE, 20, Hairdresser, Pennsylvania**—I went through a period a couple of years ago where I juggled boyfriends. I had one that I saw on Tuesdays and Fridays, another on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and others that I saw at irregular intervals. I never balled a guy if I didn't like him, but this was a time when I happened to like a lot of guys.

One week my Saturday guy asked me to go away with him for the weekend to see a college football game. He wanted to leave Friday right after work. I (Continued on page 64)

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## SHOCKING SEX

Continued from page 62

didn't want to make my Friday guy jealous, so I said I couldn't leave until around 11:00 at night. Then I called the Friday guy and asked him to meet me early for our date because my folks were cracking down and wanted me home early. We agreed to meet at 7:00.

Well, that afternoon, at the soda shop where most of us hung around after school, I ran across this guy who had been the big flame in my life the previous year. He wanted to go for a ride, and I had the hots for him too strongly to resist. We went parking in a lover's lane and had a daylight fuck. Afterwards, he brought me home and I got ready for my date with the Friday guy. I fucked him, then he brought me home and I met Mister Saturday. Yep, I fucked him, too—before midnight, which made it a total of three guys the same day! I'd never have believed I had it in me!

\*\*\*\*\*

**JOANNE, 26, Illinois, Typesetter With Printing Company**—Shortly after I started working for this company, we contracted to set the type for a very hot men's magazine. Some of our typesetters actually refused to work on this material because the language and sex descriptions offended them. The boss wound up raising the hourly rate for whoever volunteered to work on the stuff.

I volunteered. It had been six months since my divorce, and I really needed the money. Also, the language and descriptions didn't bother me. I was so sour on men after my husband that I couldn't care less about sex, whether in person or in print.

I went through my job mechanically

and unthinkingly until I met John, the managing editor at the slick stroke book. We didn't actually meet face-to-face, but we spoke every day on the phone as he called in corrections on the type I had set. "Line 3, word 5," he would say, "that should be 'cunts' ... the guy wants girls who like having their *cunts* eaten." The businesslike way he discussed it at first amused me and then sort of turned me on.

I guess he realized at least partly the reaction I was having to this, because he started making it a point to phone me even for corrections to other typesetters' galleys. And sometimes he'd make comments about the text. "This guy likes to lick girls' legs, Joanne. That's easy enough to understand, isn't it? You can understand how he imagines a girl with a gorgeous set of legs and pictures himself licking them, can't you? I'll bet you have a gorgeous set of legs."

The more we talked, the more turned on I got. And then, one day, John asked me to meet him at his office for a drink after work. I said yes, but I was hesitant. Actually, what I feared was that he wouldn't like me. Or that I wouldn't like him. Maybe he was a dirty old man who just happened to have a very sexy voice!

I arrived for our date just after 5:30. I gulped when John introduced himself. He was no dirty old man. He was about 27, tall, slender and gorgeous. I could tell by his smile as he looked at me that he found me attractive, too. He introduced me to his coworkers, Dan and Dave and Susan. "Well," he said, locking the front door, "it's quitting time—let's all have a drink together."

Dan led the way to an adjoining office, which was a photo studio with a huge waterbed in the center of the floor. I recognized the setting from pictures I had seen in the magazine. Dave poured some wine, and suddenly everyone started undressing.

I don't know whether I was more shocked, or desirous, or fearful of being

thought square if I didn't go along. Whatever, I undressed with the rest of them—and next thing I knew, the five of us were lying nude on the waterbed.

What happened next unfolded as in a dream. Without anyone actually saying anything or pressuring anyone to do anything, all of us started touching and stroking each other. Then we were kissing and hugging and grappling. There was no order or sequence to any of it. If you saw a part of a body and you found it attractive, you did what you wanted with it. I stroked anonymous cocks and strong masculine thighs and backs, but I also touched—and licked—feminine breasts and thighs ... and Susan did likewise to me.

Within a couple of hours, Susan and I had each eaten all three of the men and each other, and had been fucked by all the guys. I didn't stop to think about the tremendously unusual thing I had done until it was long over. Then I was both stunned and gratified. Why shouldn't I enjoy it? If there was nothing wrong with having sex with four people over the course of a year, what was wrong with doing it all in one night? I've been a regular at the magazine's after-work staff orgies ever since.

\*\*\*\*\*

**HELEN, 22, New York City, Cashier At A Movie House**—When I first came to the city from my parents' farm in Vermont, I was really naive. I also was afraid people would put me down if they realized I wasn't hip, so I tried very hard to put up a good front.

I met this girl, Cindy, at an employment office. She was new in town, too, and we became fast friends. She asked if I'd met any guys I liked since I'd arrived. I admitted I hadn't. She said she was dating a guy who had a friend she'd be happy to fix me up with. "But," she said, "they're kind of liberal, if you know what I mean. If that bothers you, maybe I'd better not introduce you."

Actually, I didn't know what she meant, but I was embarrassed to say so. So I said I'd love to meet them. She set up a double date at Stephan's apartment. He and his buddy Don would cook dinner for us. The idea enchanted me—it sounded so romantic! Cocktails and dinner went very smoothly. Don and Stephan were really sophisticated New Yorkers who knew all the right things to say. I was really swept off my feet.

After dinner we did some dancing and making out. Don was my guy, and he put a heavy make-out on me. I went along, enjoying every second of it—telling myself that this was what Cindy must have meant about being "liberal."

Before long we were in the bedroom. I really got carried away. It was the first time I'd made love to a guy on the first night. I was really surprised at myself, but I felt good about it. Finally Don got up and left the room. I assumed he was going to the bathroom and I waited for him. It was very dark in the room—so dark I could only see shadows.

Then he returned—or so I thought. The shadow approached the bed, got in with me. Arms closed around me, his body felt good against mine, his hand went to my crotch. He eased me



"Your place or mine?"

onto my back. I spread my legs to receive him.

But it wasn't Don! It was Stephan! I think the only reason I let him continue making love to me was because I was too embarrassed and humiliated at being thought "unhip." As he climaxed, I found myself thinking, here I was doing a "first nighter" not with one but with two guys! So that's what Cindy had meant by "liberal". It was, without question, the most shocking sex act I ever performed.

\*\*\*\*\*

**NELL, 19, California, Insurance Clerk**  
—I've always been thought of as a very shy girl, and it's true: I just don't like to push myself into the forefront. But people sometimes mistake my shyness for innocence and treat me like a child.

One day last summer, I was introduced to a guy of about 25 and really flipped over him. But he spoke to me as if I were his kid sister. When he left, I felt really pissed off; I got this great urge to show people I was more grown up than they realized. I'd heard friends talk about the nude beaches of San Mateo County, and I'd read about them, too. I had a feeling that on a nude beach, where I could let my body do the talking for me, men wouldn't be so quick to dismiss me as a child.

So I went to Devil's Slide, which is just south of Pacifica. I went alone, because I didn't want to let girlfriends or anyone else psyche me out. As I walked down the long stairway to the beach and got my first glimpse of the nude bodies, a nervous feeling of fear put tingles through my spine. But I reminded myself that nothing would happen to me that I didn't want to happen, and I continued onto the crowded beach, found a spot for my towel, spread it, and stripped to the altogether.

I wasn't there more than two or three minutes when a guy came over and started talking to me. I wasn't crazy about him, so I didn't encourage him, and also my natural shyness came through as rejection. He left, and another guy promptly replaced him. Within an hour, at least ten guys had come on to me.

I left with the eleventh. He was a dental student in San Francisco, and that day was the start of a beautiful relationship. We still see each other and while we're not serious to the point of talking about marriage, we don't rule it out either. I always smile when people ask how we met. We don't tell them, of course.

\*\*\*\*\*

**COMMENT BY DR. CALDER:** One girl's shock is another's yawn. Still, I think it safe to say that the above replies—and others I've received from interviewees—indicate that American women are far more adventurous sexually than most men dream. Indeed, I'm inclined to speculate that the girl is very rare who hasn't done something that would shock the men who think they know her best.

If there's a lesson in that, I'd say it's that men should try to make girls realize that this sort of behavior is very welcome. Approach a woman properly, and yesterday's "shocking act" could be today's good time!

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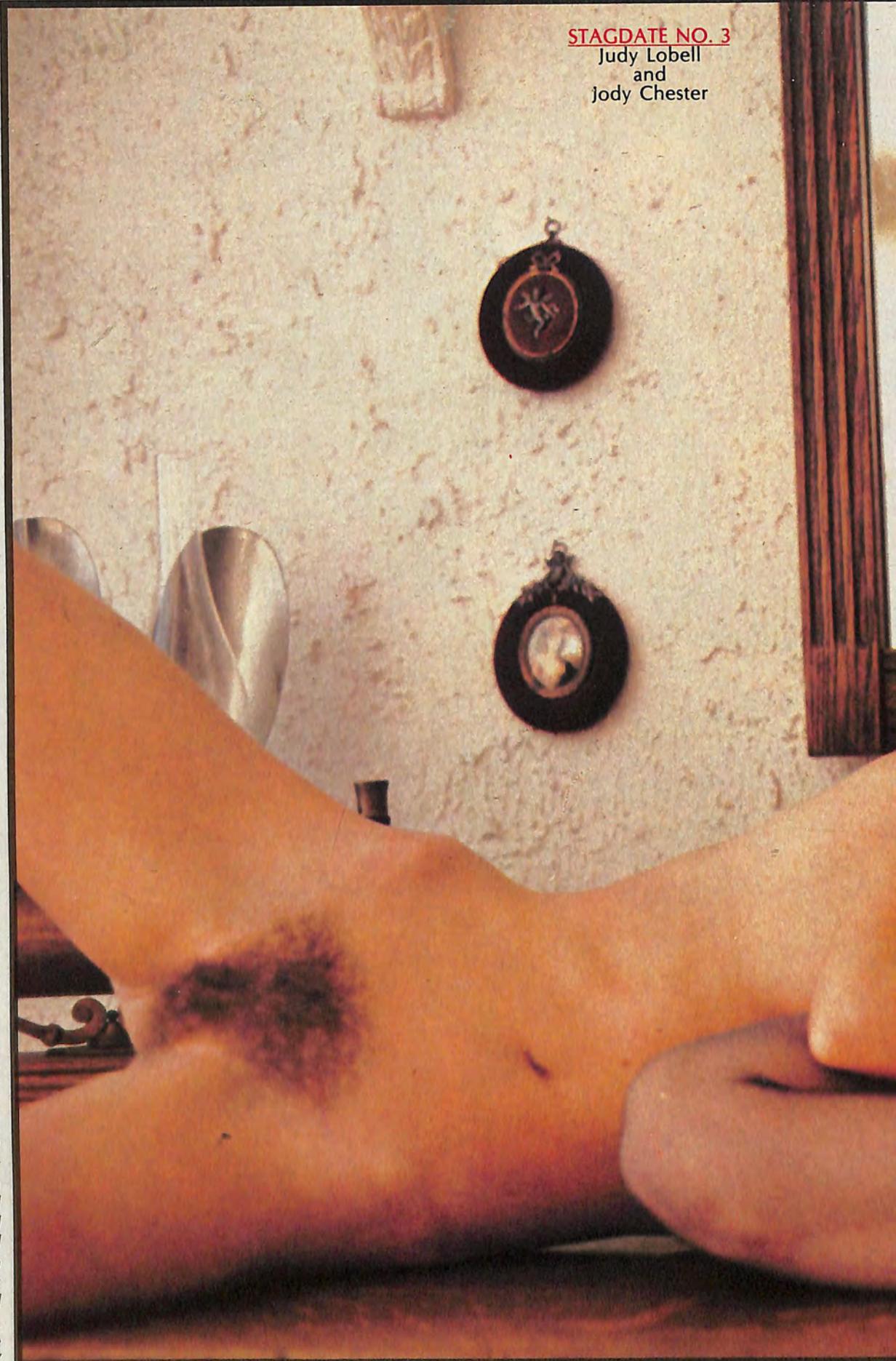


"Jody plays me like an instrument, her fingers and lips hitting all the right notes."

STAGDATE NO. 3

Judy Lobell  
and  
Jody Chester

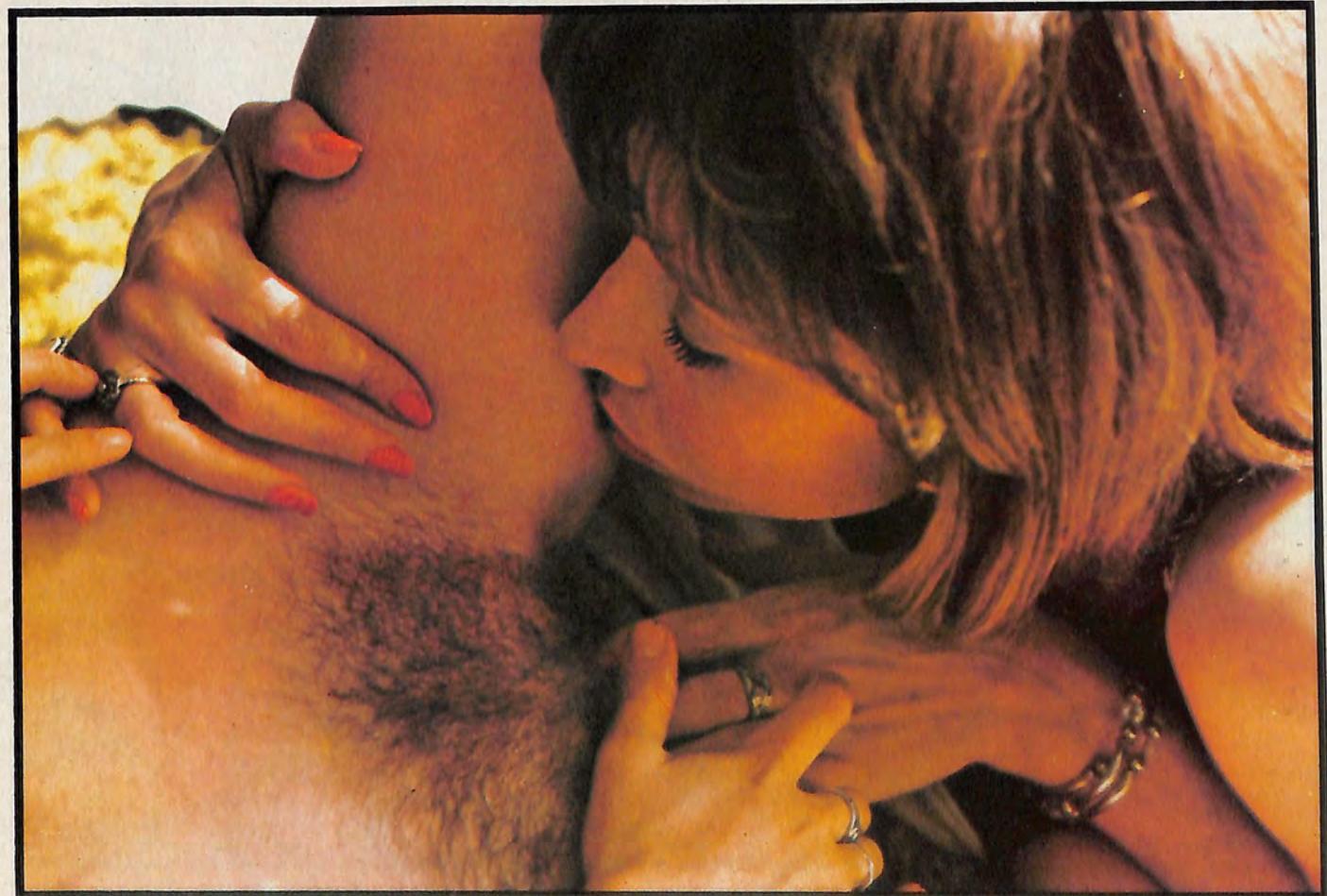
As the photos show, Judy is definitely not putting us on. She and Jody have had little time for men lately, what with rehearsing and mixing down the tapes. "But we're always together and one night while we were sprawled out listening to a playback, it just sort of happened. I was watching Jody's breasts rise and fall with her breathing, then I just reached over and touched one. That started a whole chain of events that hasn't stopped yet. And it won't, not until we both want it to."







*"We haven't given up on men; we're just taking a little vacation from them."*



## VICE REPORT

Continued from page 26

entire cock in her mouth and her tongue, licking so fast and light along the under side, was bringing me to a fever pitch of sexual excitement.

I'll have to confess that I wanted it to continue forever, but suddenly it was all out of the question. My cock was lurching, bucking, sending spurts of jizzum right into her mouth, and my hands grabbed at the back of her head to hold it tight against me so I could keep my cock in her mouth to its fullest. I could hear her gulping and knew she was swallowing my juices and this, too, appealed to me greatly.

When at last I was through, my cock lying quiet, she kissed it gently a few times, then raised her head and smiled down at me. "Don't you feel better, now?" she said. "Don't you feel all clean and sweet and reborn?" I said I did (candor requires me to admit it was true), and now that my own personal tumult was over, I could again hear those two voices from close by. "What's that?" I asked Eileen. "What's going on there?"

She laughed and said, "It's kind of an unusual relationship. If you're interested, I can give you a short peek. But it will cost you ten dollars and you'll have to be absolutely quiet."

I said that was all right, so she took me to the slatted closet and opened the door. She removed a small strip of wood from the inside wall, and immediately the voices reached me more clearly. She guided my head forward so that my eyes were at the opening and now I could see clearly, too.

A woman about 40 sat in a high, straight-backed chair. Large, with a hard, cold face and her hair drawn tight in a bun at the back of her neck, she wore a short leather skirt, a leather jacket and a pair of black, patent leather shoes with unusually high heels. Her legs were crossed and she was staring down at the floor with a look of icy contempt on her face.

The man who had come in with me lay on the floor in front of her, naked except for an undershirt. He was gazing up at her with a look of incredible yearning on his face and moaning, "I adore you, I worship you, I'm your dog, your slave. Order me, command me, how can I serve—"

The woman cuffed his face with her foot the way people do with a dog. She said in a hard, gritty voice, "Stop yapping and make yourself useful, babe. Lick my shoes. Get them nice and clean. I stepped in some dog shit coming in today."

The thought of what she was telling him to do almost made me throw up, but Connroy grabbed at that big hoof of hers like it was the tastiest custard. His face was flushed with excitement as he began whapping his tongue back and forth across her shoe as though he was never going to stop. In fact, she had to reach down and yank his head up by the hair to

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get him to quit.

Then, standing over him, her foot on his ass, she said, "You're in a bad way, babe. You're all hung up on that shoe of mine. It must be that nice, long heel. That nice, long heel must put you in mind of a nice, long cock. I think you'd like a nice, long cock in that tight, little ass of yours, wouldn't you, babe? Let's check that one out. Spread your cheeks."

He didn't seem to know what she meant. She stamped on him a few times, shouting, "Spread your cheeks, God damn it, spread your cheeks!" His hands went back to his ass, drawing the cheeks apart, and her heel went in between them, right into his asshole. He squealed like a woman. Her heel was going in and out, in and out, all the way in to the sole, then all the way out before she rammed it home again. He was groaning and moaning and when she finally stopped, he lay there shaking as though he had a fever.

"What do you do with that nice, long cock when it finishes fucking you, babe?"

She had given him a couple of kicks to turn him over and now she was standing over him, staring down at him. His face was so red it looked like exploding. He was pouting too hard to talk. She slammed her foot down on his neck and said, "Don't make me have to stomp it out of you, babe. I asked you a question. What do you do with that nice, long cock when it finishes fucking you?"

"I ... I ... I—" It came out in a squawk—"I suck it."

"That's what I thought, babe."

Then her heel was going into his mouth and his tongue was lapping up for it exactly the way Eileen's had gone for my cock. She put the strip of wood back in place, grinned at me and said, "How do you like that for a show? You know that man has a beautiful wife, three children, he makes \$200,000 a year as an investment counselor and he's told Connie he'll

throw it all over if she'll let him live with her and be her slave."

I said I was surprised she hadn't accepted his offer.

She said, "Oh, no, that kind of thing is just a job with Connie and besides, she likes her privacy too much to have anyone around all the time. She lets him come over and clean her place every month or so though. He dusts, vacuums, washes her clothes and she throws some food down on the floor for him when she eats and uses him for a footstool when she watches TV." Eileen laughed and said, "I know a million men who swagger around making out that they're tough studs, but they'd give their balls to be doing what Mr. Conroy's doing. All they want in this world is for a big, strong woman like Connie to shit all over them. . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

That was my first visit to Ada's Near East Spa. The second took place three days later and this time I had Evelyn, the blonde girl who had been the receptionist the first time I was there. Once again I asked for a massage, but this time I was taken to a somewhat larger room with no table in it, but matting covering the whole floor. Evelyn was wearing a pair of white shorts, a striped jersey and high-heeled sandals. She had a nice, fresh look about her, the kind you usually connect with college cheer leaders.

She smiled when I stripped and stretched out on the mat, and said, "I do things a little differently than the other girls. That's why you don't see any table in here. Here, just lay your head back against me."

She was on her knees and sitting back on her heels. It put her lap at a slant. I put my head back against it, and she leaned over me a little to work on my chest and lower body. In just a few seconds, she laughed and said, "Eileen told me it wouldn't take you very long. Look at that



"For ten bucks more I'll tell you what to say to your wife when you get home late."

cock of yours. Wouldn't you like to do something about it?"

I asked what she had in mind.

She said, "Well, for the same price you paid last time, I can give you a sixty-nine job that you'll never forget." I hesitated briefly and she said, "I know what you're thinking, but you don't have to worry. I can assure you, I'm in absolutely perfect health. I got a statement from my doctor just this morning that says so."

I said in that case, the sixty-nine job might be nice. She said, "Fine, just stay there, I'll be right with you." Quickly, she took her clothes off, then came back and knelt behind my head again. She said, "First of all, I want you to get to know my pussy and my asshole. I think you'll find they're very sweet."

She moved forward over my face and I must admit the odor of her body was warm and inviting. Very carefully she lowered herself down on me, enclosing me snugly. Instinctively (I hardly knew it was happening, so skilled and persuasive was she), my tongue went out and into her ass. This contact (for some reason which I can't explain) sent a surge of excitement through me, so that suddenly I was reaching in deeper with my tongue and she was saying, "Ooohhh, you do that nicely, you do that very nicely."

Next, she leaned forward a little and I felt her hand on my cock. She took it lightly, but her fingers were moving all along the underside and this was increasing its tension so greatly I thought I might come right then and there—and, of course, I didn't want to. But she seemed to know my situation better than I did and I was still under fairly good control when her mouth went down to replace her hand. As she did this, she altered the position of her body above my face so that now my tongue was in her pussy, and we were in the time-honored sixty-nine position.

From this beginning, we fell into a common rhythm, my tongue going in and out of her warm, moist pussy at exactly the same pace as her tongue was going up and down my cock. Her lips were on it, too, pressing gently. In the interests of accuracy, I'll have to admit that I was straining to drive my tongue in as deep as it could possibly go, while at the same time experiencing a steaming in my balls so intense as to be actually painful. Yet, painful or not, I almost howled in frustration when my cock began squirting. That meant the end was just ahead, and I didn't want that to happen. I could hear myself slurping, my tongue jabbing into her slit, as my body was heaving up off the mat in a rictus of pure, agonizing ecstasy. I was heaving and hurling myself around those last few seconds, trying to get the most out of that incredible experience.

When it was over, she brought her mouth up off my cock slowly, licking the head before she left it altogether. And then for a bit she stayed over me the way she'd been so I could keep my tongue in there a little longer. Finally, she got off, smiling and saying, "Well, was I right? Are you ever going to forget it?"

I had to admit I wouldn't.

\* \* \* \* \*

It's very difficult for me to write about my third visit to the spa. The first two

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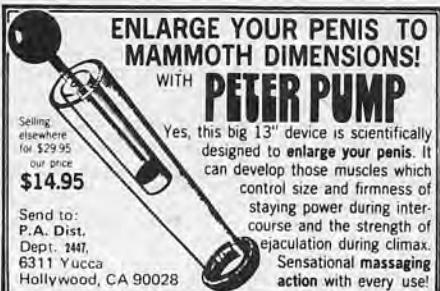
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times I had engaged in activities that, according to my own personal standards, were at least normal. What I did that third time I still have mixed feelings about. I had never done it before, nor have I since. To come right out with it, I went in with Eileen again and when she said, "You know, honey, that cock of yours gets so stiff and hard, it's just made for back-door bingo. How about it?", without even thinking, I heard myself saying, "Sure, why not?" Probably it was the flattery, that brought out the macho male in me.

Whatever the reason, it didn't take long before she was down on the mat with her head and knees touching it and I was on my knees behind her, fitting my cock between her cheeks, then ramming it home. She gave a soft screech that didn't hurt my machismo in the slightest, and I lunged in still deeper, locking my arms around her, the fingers of one hand going into her pussy. It was a very tight fit, but she had lubricated herself and soon I was pumping my cock in and out like I was a veteran cornholer. There was a strong animalistic caste to the whole thing as I look back on it. There she was, whimpering and begging, "Oh, please, finish it up. You're hurting me so much. That's an awful thing you've got there. It's like you're tearing me wide open", and all I could think of was to keep doing it, keep doing it. In fact, her whimpering and begging was really working on me, bringing out a brutality in my nature I had never known was there.

They're so knowledgeable, those women. All her whimpering and begging and telling me I was hurting her was a put-on, of course. She was helping me feel like the original bull male. But it was working, and when I finally had her shoved up against the matted wall, ramming away with my cock and her wailing, "Oh, oh, oh, I can't stand it", well, there's no question that I was literally glorying in my male power, my ability to reduce her to the clinging, whimpering thing she seemed to be. And once again, I wanted it to go on and on, a joy and self-realization to last forever. It did end, though, and as I shot the last of my wad into her, a heavy feeling came over me, and it still partly remains: the feeling that I'd done something very crude and ugly, and made even more so by the fact that I loved doing

it more than anything else in the world.

\*\*\*\*\*

For my final visit to the Spa, I decided to get some material on the more unusual aspects of their activities there. Accordingly, I told the receptionist (the blonde girl, Evelyn) that I wanted a rap session this time instead of a massage. She seemed surprised, but told me what room to go into anyway, adding, "Take your clothes off and get down on your knees before the throne. Madame Kiki will join you in a minute."

The room I went to was the one where I had seen Connie and Conroy that first time. I stripped and feeling more than a little foolish, went down on knees in front of the chair. A moment later, Connie came in dressed exactly as she had been that other time—the leather skirt and jacket and the shoes with the extra-length heels. She sat down, crossed her legs, and for a couple of minutes, nothing at all happened. Then she said, "What's this all about? What are you shitting me for?"

I said I didn't understand, what was she asking me.

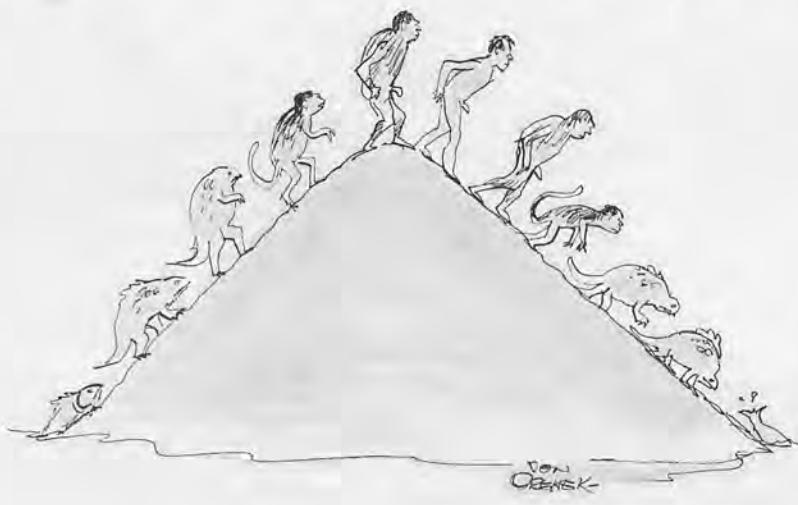
Patiently she said, "You're not into the slave thing. If you were, you'd have a hard-on just being down there and thinking about what I'm going to do to you. But that cock of yours is limp as a rag. So I'm asking you, what are you shitting me for?"

I said that just out of simple adventurousness I had wanted to try something off-beat, but she was right, nothing was happening.

She said, "Well, it's my ass if I let you go without getting some money from you, so at least we better have ourselves a quick fuck."

She took her clothes off and got down on the floor with me. She was, as I said, a big woman and not at all feminine, so I had some doubts as to whether we'd be successful even at regular intercourse. Like the others, though, she had a great deal of skill to call on, and with her nipple in my mouth and her pussy gyrating, squeezing and releasing my cock in an absolutely novel way, well, it didn't take long before I reached that pitch of intensity necessary for an orgasm.

As soon as we were finished, she got dressed and left the room, saying, "I'll be right back." I dressed, too, and was just



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shrugging into my coat when she came back with a hard-looking man about my own size but probably a few years earlier. His face had been mashed flat, probably in the ring, and he moved in a quick, energetic way. As they came in Connie was saying, "—said he wanted the slave bit, but I could see right away he was shitting me. The way they're crowding in on us, I thought you might want to check him out."

The flat-faced man held his hand out to me. "Let's see your wallet, buddy."

I started to protest, then thought better of it and handed my wallet over. He flipped through my cards (all phonies, of course) and took out the one that identified me as a driver with All-Eastern Vans. He handed it to Connie and said, "Go call that number. See if the guy really works there." When she left, he handed the wallet back to me and said, "We're getting a little harrassment from the law and it's making us nervous. If that card of yours is legitimate, I'll tell you I'm sorry and kiss your ass, both cheeks. If it's a fake, I'll break both your legs."

I could feel the sweat running down my sides inside my shirt. I wondered if he could see anything in my face. There was no All-Eastern Vans. When Connie called that number, the operator was going to tell her it didn't exist. I was about to get hurt, badly hurt, and that knowledge filled me with a panic that had me moving before I knew what I was doing. He'd hardly gotten the word "window" out of his mouth when I grabbed Connie's chair and whistled it around in an arc at him. He couldn't have been ready. It hit him too full for that. He went down, snarling and spitting curses at me. Down but not out. I heaved the chair up and smashed it down on him, then once more, this time shattering it over him and running out of the room.

The three women were all in the reception room, Connie, Eileen and Evelyn. They stared as I burst out of the corridor and Connie threw the phone aside and made a grab for me. I flung her aside and continued out the door. I went down the stairs at top speed, chased a cruising cab half a block, and flung myself into it when it finally stopped. "Anywhere, just move it," I panted, and as he picked up speed, I turned to look out the back window. Connie was standing in the street watching helplessly. There was no sign of the flat-faced man. Well, it had been a pretty solid chair.

(Editor's Postscript: That concludes Travers' report on The Near East Spa. It's a thorough report and should have been helpful to city officials in their efforts to close the place down. However, they decided against using it. Their reason: "The material that Travers has collected, although undoubtedly accurate, is so sordid, so obscene, so repulsive, that it could offend the sensibilities of the grand jury and damage our case. In short, we run the risk of impugning our own credibility by using it. Accordingly, we have decided not to."

Embittered by this ruling, Travers has decided to release the report himself. STAG Magazine has been happy to cooperate with him in doing so.)



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## OLDER WOMAN

Continued from page 46

and pulled me down on top of her. I stumbled between her legs. I couldn't find the opening. Without a word she took my cock and placed it in this warm, wet spot. I slipped right in. 'Move your hips,' she urged me, moving hers. 'That's it. That's it!' she cried as I began to get the rhythm. I got so excited that I was afraid I'd come. She stopped and said, 'Rest for a minute. Take it easy.' Then we started again and this time she closed her eyes and moaned. Then all of a sudden she started moving faster and faster and clawing my back and making these funny sounds. She looked like she was in pain. I stopped, afraid I'd hurt her. 'Are you all right?' I wanted to know. 'Don't stop,' she moaned. Then I couldn't hold it back one more second and I came.

'We lay there in each other's arms. 'That was wonderful,' she told me, running her hands through my hair. 'It was your first time, wasn't it?' I nodded, afraid I'd disappointed her, but she found ways to reassure me. Twenty minutes later we were at it again. This time I felt more confident. And her cries were even louder. I could tell I was pleasing her. When it was over I got dressed, wondering if it would ever happen again. It did—over and over again—until finally she ended it. 'My husband is getting suspicious,' she told me. And so was my mother.

'Back then I wondered what she saw in me—a fourteen-year-old kid. Now I know. Men built like I am don't come along every day. Anyway, after I stopped seeing her, I dated girls my own age for a while, but by comparison they seemed so immature. Even the girls that put out didn't compare to what I'd been getting. I guess she just set a pattern for me. I've always dated women older than I am. I enjoy being with them in bed and out of it. I wouldn't have any other way.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'I don't even know why I talked to her. She was so obviously out-of-place in that bar all dressed up like she was going to some fancy party. There was something sad about her, too, but she was so cool, like a kind of queen. She made the other women there look like little girls. I guess I figured I had nothing to lose if I tried to talk to her, so I did,' reported Hal A., a bachelor in his early thirties. 'I waited till she got out a cigarette and then I lit it for her. When she looked up into my eyes, something clicked. We started talking. It all seemed so natural. She was so easy to talk to. I guess she didn't expect anything and neither did I and so we didn't try to hand each other a line. When she decided to leave, I offered to escort her home. I must admit that I was a little surprised when she accepted.'

'I was even more surprised when we got to her apartment. It was like something out of a fancy magazine—thick rugs, paintings everywhere, even a bar. She was money with a capital M. To tell

the truth, I figured that if she gave me half a chance and made it worth my time, I'd help her out. In the bar I had taken her for a woman in her late thirties, but once in the light, I realized that while she was looking fine, she was even older than that. I looked around her apartment and there was no sign of a man. And there was something a trifle edgy about her that told me it had been a real long time since she'd been with a man.

'She offered me a nightcap, and I accepted. We sat and talked some more. She started looking at her watch. 'I guess I'll be going. You must be tired,' I said. She protested, yet she looked both unhappy and relieved that I was volunteering to go without attacking her. She walked me to the door and I leaned down and kissed her. That kiss lasted a long, long time and she didn't protest when I took her by the hand and found the bedroom.

'She was shy, modest, almost like a young girl. I bent over backwards to make sure she was pleased. At first she lay there, stiff and afraid. But slowly as I kissed, fondled and caressed her everywhere she began to relax. I took my time. And when I finally entered her she was ready! Everything she did was restrained, quiet, small. Even her sighs were so soft I could barely hear them. 'Relax. Don't hold back. Let yourself go. I want to please you,' I whispered.

'Suddenly it was like something snapped inside of her and she went wild. It was as if years and years of pent-up desire were released in one gigantic orgasm. She shook and shook in my arms and then she cried. 'Did I please you? Did I please you?' she kept asking over and over again. It seemed really important to her that I was satisfied. I reassured her that I was. I could also see the question in her eyes: Was this a one-night stand or would she see me again? But she had her pride and she didn't say a word. I asked her if we might get together again, and she accepted.

'At first I felt very self-conscious going out with a woman older than I was. And I felt her friends must have thought that I was some kind of gigolo. But there was a closeness between us that had nothing to do with our ages or our sex or anything.

'I learned that she was a divorcee. That a while back her husband of twenty-odd years had come home and announced he'd fallen in love with a younger woman and was leaving her. Since then she hadn't taken a lover before me. She'd been afraid of failing in bed. It had been years since her husband had really made love to her. Under my loving, she blossomed. She looked younger, happier. She became a fantastic bedmate. All that experience burst forth when she realized she was free to express her hidden sensuality. We did incredible things together—we covered our bodies with oil and slithered together; made love like two kids under a tree in the park. Both of us gained from our relationship. She had been hurt, and she knew how to make a man feel like a man. She didn't take her man for granted. I learned how wonderful it is when you are fulfilling all of a woman's needs. Maybe someday we'll get married. I really don't know what will happen. All I know is that for me, my

older woman is the best thing that ever happened to me. And it's funny. When it all started, I thought I was doing *her* such a big favor."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Maxie was incredible. She was a lover, a friend, and a mother all rolled into one. She was so tender in bed. She needed to know exactly how to turn me on and how to tease me and tease me until I was practically begging her to make love to me. I know people find us an odd couple—after all, she is so much older than I am—but I'll never leave her for a younger woman," fiercely declared Ann P. "I couldn't care less what people think. No one—either man or woman—has ever given me what Maxie has."

"Maxie's older and she's been hurt. There was a time when being a lesbian was something you hid. Other people acted as if it was sick. Maxie's taken all of her experience—both with people and in bed—and tried to help me. Sure I could find another woman who is younger and not so butch as Maxie, but would she take care of me like Maxie? Would she value me as much as Maxie? No way!"

"Maxie and I live together. She's better established than I am. She has a career, has saved some money, has lots of friends. I was a stranger in this town. I had been engaged to some guy, but just before the wedding I knew I couldn't go through with it. I'd been living a lie, and I decided I had to escape before I was trapped forever. I met Maxie in a bar. I knew right away she was a dyke. I let her buy me a drink, pick me up and take me home. I guess I was a little afraid of her. But when we got into bed together she made love to me for hours. I had the first orgasm of my life under the gentle tutelage of her tongue. She gave me what no man had ever been able to give me. I always thought I was a lesbian, but I hadn't wanted to face it. I wanted desperately to

be just like everyone else. Now I know what I am, and I'm not ashamed of it. And a woman like Maxie is just who I've been looking for all my life."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I thought my wife and I had a pretty good thing going in bed . . . until I ran into Susie," reported Donnie G. "My wife, Jean, and I had been high school sweethearts. And we'd both been virgins when we met. I'd been faithful to Jean all those years, but I guess I was getting a little restless by the time I met Susie. And it isn't like I'm in love with Susie either, it's just sex. I mean if it came down to a choice between Jean and Susie, I'd never leave my wife."

"But with Susie and me sex is different. Not only did she teach me things, but I didn't have to worry as much about her feelings or satisfying her. I could get into bed and act out my fantasies or be as rough with her as I wanted and not have to worry about facing her over a cup of coffee in the morning. Jean was good in bed—for as far as she went. But there were just a lot of things she wasn't open to trying. I mean like if I'd asked her to 'turn over' and make love the other way, I think she would have been on the phone to her mother in a minute. When Jean comes, she makes this funny little noise, but frankly sometimes I'm not sure whether she's really had an orgasm or she's just faking it to please me. With Susie there isn't a doubt in the world. She writhes, she moans and shrieks and claws at my back. She makes me feel like a stud in bed with her instead of a husband. And sometimes that makes a man feel pretty damn good."

"I know Susie has other lovers. I don't care because I don't have any intention of getting any further involved with her than the edge of the bed. I'm not a cheating

(Continued on page 84)



"Why is it the wife is always the last to know?"

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(Continued from page 11)

around. There. Lori has passed it on . . . Now let Lori tell you something. Saliva is better. And except for anal stuff, avoid vaseline and other greasies. They actually tend to grip rather than slide. And they reduce the contact sensation for both you and her and they do not let you both get wet when you ejaculate. In good lovemaking, there must be wetness. Pass that on, too.

#### INSIDE CURVE

Dear Lori: Is there anything really wrong with a rod that curves down when it's up? I know down and up sound contradictory but you know what I mean. Instead of sticking out straight, or curving upward a little like some I've seen, mine really does a nosedive. The curve's about like that of a Polish sausage, down.

This has caused me embarrassment and self-doubt. I used to wake up in the army with guys all around the bed waiting to look at my morning hardon. (You know. A lot of men wake up with hardons.) They used to fall over laughing.

And then there was the gypsy whore I once picked up on 42nd Street in New York. She covered her eyes and screamed ai-ye and wanted to pay me not to screw her. I was accursed, she kept saying. Accursed.

And then, a couple of times with regular girls . . . They ask, show me your cock, huh? I don't want to ball you. I've just heard so much about the down-curve, I want to look at it once.

And even fags . . . One in a locker room at the beach said once, "Gawd, I'd have to hang upside down on your back and put my head between your knees to get at you. No thanks, honey, and Lord knows, I'll try anything once." Hell, I hadn't even asked him to try.

It's not that I can't make out. I do. And the girls I've done it with say they go away feeling good. It's fine. No problems. But the hard times people give me far outnumber the good ones. I'm beginning to think the majority is right, that I'm a freak. This notion is screwing up my head.

H.M.

Atlanta, Georgia

Lori cannot believe what she reads from you. Your letter tells me you are intelligent. Yet you have not done the first thing any intelligent person does if he has problems such as yours; see a doctor for reassurances. No. Instead, you believe gypsies and friends who tease and men who are not men in public locker rooms. Ah, my poor and foolish friend, the maternal Lori inside me will not let me scold. Let me tell you a story, instead . . .

There was a man like you who lived on the estancia next to my own family's estancia, several hundred miles from Buenos Aires on the pampas, before I went to Rio de Janeiro for the films. He too curved downward. His nickname was El Scimitar, he curved down so. But for him, the downcurve was a pride and an advantage. He is the only man I have ever known whose member I could take into my mouth while he sat on a horse and I stood on the ground . . . You are not abnormal, only bent a little. Listen to the minority.

#### SOME HUNK

Dear Lori: A couple of years ago I was driving across the country, in no hurry, trying to figure out what my busted marriage was all about. On a highway in Colorado there was a sign that said, "Rifle—1 Mile" off thataway to the north. Since I wasn't in any rush, and since I have always had a liking for the whimsical, I could not pass a town named Rifle and not have a looksee.

On this ride across the country, I had found that the best place to learn about any small town was a local saloon. And inside this particular saloon was one of the people Rifle was all about, a woman everyone called Hunk. The name was right. Hunk was some hunk of woman.

Nearly six feet and the stride and shoulders and callouses you get from hard ranchhand work. And the clothes. Clean but faded and worn lopsided the way they get when worn by ranchhands.

I have never been one to keep quiet when I have something to say. So after a lot of drinks and playing a lot of quarter-a-shot bowling games with Hunk and the other hangabouts in this saloon, and all of us seeming to get along fine, I whispered in Hunk's ear, "Hunk, there's only one way to say it, I guess, and that's to say it . . . I'm not going to be in Rifle but one night. I want to spend it in bed with you."

Not very poetic or original. But hell, poets who spend all night getting the words right don't get laid much.

Hunk's answer was to wrap her fist around the neck of a beer bottle and break it against the side of my head. I heard someone say, oh, oh, didn't anyone tell him about not propositioning old Hunk too direct? I was hanging onto the bar top by the elbows, a Jesus Christ from New York being crucified in a saloon. She was standing looking angry but foolish with the bitty end of a bottle still in her hand.

"I'm sorry I hit you that hard," Hunk was saying, "But I just don't go for that old male chauvinist pig stuff."

All I could think of to say was, "Well, then, I guess a blow job is out of the question." Then I ducked.

She started to laugh. She put down the itty-bitty neck of bottle and mopped me off. She wasn't mad any more. She said, "Well, I sure have to hand it to you. You may be a ranchhand in your approach to women, but you sure can be a stylish one." Any guy who could think of a crack like that blowjob crack while he's on the floor bleeding to death, well, he was her kind of man. If I could stand and follow her home, we'd go to her place together.

Somehow I stood, somehow I followed. Her place was a mobile home a few blocks from the saloon just off the main street in Rifle. And there she turned out to be as angelic as she was demonic in the saloon. First she said she couldn't blow any man covered with that much blood. So she cleaned me up.

Then, what a blow job it was. She knew just when I was about to go off and stopped, then brought me up to peak again and stopped again. About five times she did this till I was almost crying. Finally this nut woman with her teeth on my cock and talking out the corners of her mouth, said, "You asked for it, you got it, I'm going to swallow you now, you son of a bitch . . ."

She gave one or two more licks with her tongue. I came so hard it almost hurt. And then, surprise, surprise, she said, "Oh, what the hell. If I've sucked you, what the hell am I proving by not fucking you too. This whole thing's got me so horny, the pride doesn't matter. So if you've still got it in you after being beaten up and blown . . ."

I had it in me. And, a half-hour later, she had it in her . . . So in the end, I got all I'd asked for in the first place. Only, every time I look at the scar above my left ear, I'm not entirely sure it was worth the price . . .

E.K.

Cambridge, Massachusetts

The difference between you and me is, I KNOW it wasn't worth the price!

#### CONFIDENTIAL TO BIRDWATCHER

What on earth could you have been thinking of, bringing home a girl you have just met in a restaurant and bedding her in the same room with your wife's pet parrot? It did not occur to you that, "Oh, slip that thing to me real good, baby," and, "Oh, that wort on the head does make me crazy," were striking phrases even a dumb parrot might remember? And parrot? In South America, in India, where people really love keeping birds, there is still a general rule: No parrots or mynah birds in the bedroom. Sex cries are often like bird cries. Parrots pick them up. The instant replay can be embarrassing. But then, no one has to tell you that now. Or tell the judge. Or the jury. Or your wife's lawyer.



## HOOKED ON KISSING

*"This is the first time in my life that I can really call myself Happy—Yes, that's the name my parents gave me 22 years ago, but I never lived up to it until I met Audie. I guess we were destined for one another—the man with the key to my life. Want to know what the key is?"*



*"The man keeps me in a frenzy—he's all mouth, and I wouldn't have it any other way."*

**STAGDATE NO. 4**  
Happy O'Ryan  
and  
Audie Johnson



*"Kissing! That's right, kissing. All my life I'd felt a sort of, well, longing—and I never knew what to do to satisfy it. When I was little I was always chewing on things—I drove my parents crazy. Then, in high school, I became a gum addict and, of course, a cigarette smoker."*



and a beer guzzler and a pill popper and. . . . Always my mouth, always struggling to rid myself of that awful deep-down craving. I met Audie last year at college. He's a very down-to-earth guy, and he loves kissing more than anything else in the world. Sometimes, we take the phone

off the hook and just kiss for hours. It sort of reminds me of the make-out parties we used to have when we were kids—except back then nobody ever kissed me like this. Audie manages to keep me in a constant state of frenzy. He's all mouth—and I wouldn't have it any other way . . . ”





*"As you can see, I've found something to replace the cigarettes and booze and pills and gum—something a little healthier, you might say. I guess it was just sexual tension that drove me to all that. But with Audie I peak so many times in the course of an average day that I don't have that problem anymore. I'm only sharing this with you in the hopes that other people will become turned on to this lost art. I mean, we do a lot of other things, too, you know, but it all started with a kiss. It's the key to my life."*



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(Continued from page 77)

kind of man. I don't jump into bed with anyone, but a good session in bed makes me feel like a superman.

"But the best part of all was that I went out and bought one of those sex manuals. I got Jean to read it and agree to experiment. That way I could introduce my new "sex tricks" without her getting suspicious. And so my affair with Susie not only made me a better lover but it improved my sex life with my wife. What more could a man ask for?"

\* \* \* \*

"My girl friend is a high-class call girl," related Bill M. "She's five years older than I am, and she's seen it all and done it all. She spends half her life on her back with her clients, so when she gets off from work, she wants to go out and have a little fun and dance and drink and screw around. So she was looking for a man who met her needs and didn't mind her particular line of work. Well that man is me. There's something very satisfying about getting it for free from her when you know every other guy has to pay for the goods. And not only don't I pay her, she takes care of things for me. When I threatened to leave a while ago because I'd met a girl I liked, she turned around and set me up in my own furnished apartment. Now a deal like that is pretty hard to come by. But then I guess I have some special talents of my own."

"She appreciated what I can do in bed. And since she knows I can get anyone I want, she brings all the tricks of her trade into bed with us. We've used every gadget ever invented, and every drug. And when we want to spice things up, we invite a few friends over—to our bed. I'm only twenty-two, and I can't think of a better deal than the one I have going. And I know that no woman my age would be able to give it to me. If she gets tired of me, well, her friends are just waiting on line."

\* \* \* \*

"We were all shocked when my boss dropped dead of a heart attack at the age of 40," Jack J. told us. "My wife and his widow, Carrie, were really tight and the three of us were together a lot after my boss died. Carrie was a mighty attractive woman, and I couldn't help thinking to myself that she would appreciate a little action. After all, she had to be getting it regular from old Bob if he was telling the truth, and now he wasn't around to heat up her bed. And from what he'd told me, she was something else in the sack. So I found excuses to hang around, mowing the lawn, doing little odd jobs here and there. And my wife never suspected a thing. She kept saying, 'It's so nice of you to be so good to her.'

"Well Carrie may have been a grieving widow—so far as the rest of the world knew—but she was one hell of a hot-blooded babe. It wasn't long before my chores around the house had become a lot more meaningful. We really kept those bedsprings creaking.

"Carrie was the first woman I'd ever met who simply enjoyed fucking for the sake of fucking. She just loved to let loose. The whole house nearly shook, and if those neighbors thought she was crying out in grief over her dear departed hus-

band, boy would they ever have been shocked!"

"Carrie was a woman of the world. She'd once admitted to me that she'd had a lot of men before she settled down and married good old Bob. She never pleaded that she had a headache or that she was too tired. That woman was always ready to go. In fact, I began to wonder if I could get her satisfied and keep her satisfied.

"Carrie knew just how to move her hips and rotate them while flexing her muscles inside. It was like getting a fix in a vise. And she treated my cock like it was made of solid gold. She practically worshipped it.

"You see, in a small town like ours, Carrie really didn't have much of a choice about sex. Sure, plenty of guys made passes at her, but she had her family there, the business to take care of. She just couldn't up and move away from it all to some big city—and she couldn't turn around and screw everything that moved. She had her reputation to consider. So being with me was the perfect solution to her problem. By day she was able to play the role of the proper, grieving widow mourning her dear departed husband, and by night she could really let loose with me."

\* \* \* \*

"It's something most people don't ever talk about, much less admit to, but I know from experience that a lot of people are doing it. You see, my sister taught me everything I know... She was three years older and she had a head start with the boys in town, and she brought it all home. Now, I'd been around myself," Milt K. revealed, "but how much can a 16-year-old boy learn from 15-year-old girls? Right? Now my sister and I had always been close. And somehow it seemed natural that one day we'd go all the way.

"We used to double date with this other brother and sister. We'd pretend to be with the other one, buy some brew and go out in the woods. Once we were alone, we'd swap partners and go at it. The only thing my mother ever said was how wonderful that my sis and I were so close.

"There are advantages to having an affair with your sister. You don't have to put on an act, get dressed up, or take her out to fancy places. You can just sneak into bed with each other after your parents are asleep. There are no ego games being played. My sister could teach me things, and I didn't feel hurt that she was showing me, instead of the other way around. I didn't have to cope with her being jealous of me going out with other girls because she went out with other guys. And it saved me from getting some little girl 'in trouble' and having to marry her, which happened to more than one or two of my friends. My sister was older and she knew all about contraceptives. Not many people get enough sex—and good sex at that—as a teenager."

"We did it every day for years. But it was inevitable that sooner or later we'd both meet people we really loved. She met her husband and settled down. And I met my wife. Neither of our spouses knows just how close we once were, which is fine with us. Because every now and then, we still like to go off together 'for old times' sake."



## LESBIANS ONLY

Continued from page 15

consider themselves exclusively gay, it's a dumb question. Like Ginny, my old rip-off specialist from the modeling studio. She showed up as a customer—I guess she really had the hots for me all along.

Ginny liked to do freaky things—dress up in leather, put me into harem pants, the whole bit. She liked to strap on a dildo too. The freakiest thing I ever saw, though, was when she strapped it on while a bunch of her girlfriends held down one of the gay men and raped him.

But the thing is, Ginny's present husband, the manager, is her second. And she was crazy about the first one. She'd been lesbian in high school, she was lesbian ever after, but with this first husband it was like Adam and Eve—till he left her because she was too money-hungry.

The new marriage is strictly business; he never touches her. She told me, "I'll never have sex with a man again. I haven't got time for it."

That's another thing about the way lesbians are built. Don't kid yourself, it can be very good sex, but it's sex that doesn't tie a woman down.

\* \* \* \* \*

Iris is a top glamour model. She's only nineteen, but she's earning more than me, and I earn more than most call girls. I had Iris in my tub the other afternoon—small breasts, but high and very pointy. Not an ounce of fat on her anywhere, but real cute curves in the tops of her thighs and under her buttocks, and sleek body oil all over her. I opened her legs and put one foot over on the other side of the tap. Then I turned on the water, just lukewarm and not too hard.

"Billie, what is this?" Iris wanted to know.

"You said you wanted something different."

She was tense because she'd been working too hard. I massaged her back and shoulders and gradually worked my hands around to her breasts and belly. Then I put one hand under her ass, with the fuck-finger greased up with ointment, slipping in and out. I started helping the tap water along with the hand that had been on her belly, but I didn't need to help it too much. Masturbating her with the tap, I gave her a long, easy, "slow-burn" come, the kind that never takes your breath away, but keeps coming back and getting a little stronger each time.

When I finally turned off the water I went down on her, helping myself along with both hands. And I brought her up to a super-sharp heart-stopper of an orgasm. Then I let her go.

If you ever want to really satisfy a woman, try that. If you want to get satisfied yourself, as a matter of fact, come and see me. I'll try it on you, and it works just as well on a man—maybe even better.

But, speaking of technique, the thing that makes sex with other women work is simplicity, not fancy acrobatics—like find-

ing that one, super-sensitive spot. I was at a party once, watching a nurse named Connie. There was a cock in her mouth and a tongue in her cunt, and another woman helping out, and still she couldn't come.

She had this kind of stutter. She saw me watching, and she said, "Th-th-the *right* tit! Th-th-the *right* tit!" Nobody was on the right boob. I went over and sucked on it, and she came right off. That's the kind of thing most women look for when making love to another woman—but most men don't bother.

Here are two more simple rules, both very basic:

One, always put something in a woman's mouth. Put your boob in, if you're another woman. If you're a man, and she won't take your cock at first, give her your hand. Or get her to bite your shoulder. This gives a woman a chance to be active. But most men don't even give her a chance to get out from under, and then they wonder why she's scared to give head, though she'd probably love to.

Take Iris again. She has to give head sometimes to get a very big assignment, and she always gets very turned on by it, though she's uncertain about men in general. Then she comes to me, because she's so excited. I once said to her, "Iris, if you like sucking them so much, why don't you fuck them?"

And she said, in her little-girl voice, "Oh no, then I'd get a reputation!"

But she can't help feeling her feelings. The mouth is the most basic sex organ.

Which brings us to Rule No. 2.

If there's one thing women know about one another's bodies it's that masturbation must be done *slowly* to achieve maximum climactic response. You can do it fast *sometimes*, you can do it with your arm all the way in, or you can do it with both hands. You can use a bottle, a vibrator, or a dildo. You can use your teeth to nibble the clitoris or the inner lips. You can do whatever the hell you want, but for the first come, and often for a lot of later ones, give it to her slowly.

I remember a john who wanted me to have an orgasm for him. He had his hand in there, squeezing till it hurt, and pum-

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# ...man's world memo...

**BIGGEST COMPLAINT OF CHEATING WIVES**—"It got to be almost like a movie script. Once my husband called for 'action,' I automatically assumed the position—flat on my



back, my knees drawn up, just waiting for him to flop on top of me and stick it in." That verbatim, tape-recorded comment by one woman interviewed for a new book, *Cheating in Marriage*, sums up what wife after wife bitched about. By the time the honeymoon wore off, most brides were complaining about the dullness of sex. Mainly it was the same old missionary position, with the major variation being a routine reversal—with the woman on top. Once these women broke out of the confines of their marital beds, they became super-sex-experimenters, insisting on trying every position in the book, no matter how acrobatic. In their desire to escape the one-or-two-position rut of their husband-wife sex, they usually swung way over to the other side, where acting out fantasies almost became the ultimate end of adultery.

**UNFORGETTABLE CHERRY-PLUCKER**—No matter how swinging a sex life any woman has, one thing will stick in her memory long after all the other wild nights fade into a blur of vague eroticism. Whether it was a pleasant and cherished moment or a nightmare of brutishness and searing pain, no woman ever forgets the man who took her cherry. Few things in any female's life are as traumatic as her de-virginizing and, no matter to what lengths she goes from that moment on in search of sexual satisfaction, that one moment in time becomes indelibly engraved. According to the latest nation-wide survey of women's attitudes towards sex, the next most momentous experience is the first time she successfully reaches orgasm.

**SEX BEFORE DINNER**—It takes a top salesman to talk a girl into it, but actually the best time for sex is before dinner—not afterwards. According to most doctors, trying to make it on a full stomach is about the worst way to get

it on. If you know you're going to ball your date somewhere along the line that evening, for maximum enjoyment for the two of you, try getting her to fuck first, then eat later. Of course, this upsets all dating patterns, where the usual march of events starts with dinner and ends with bed but, for the sake of your sex life and your digestion, consider the alternative.

**THE MUMMY THAT "CAME TO LIFE"**—When a TV technician accidentally pulled the arm off a West Coast amusement park dummy—which was billed as a "mummy" in the Fun House—a grisly murder that took place years before came to light. The technician picked up the arm he had jarred loose and was attempting to refasten it to the body when he suddenly noticed an exposed bone. By the time homicide detectives



and the coroner got through examining the ghastly find, what had graced the Fun House for many years as a fluorescent-painted "5,000-year-old mummy" was identified as a 5'3" man who had been shot in the chest. Since the corpse had no fingers, print identification was impossible and, at this writing, dental charts have failed to pin down the mystery. From the looks of the body, it had been given a post-mortem medical exam at the time of the shooting, then had been embalmed. It had been acquired by the amusement park back in 1971 as a bona fide "mummy." Current patrons of the Fun House will have to get their kicks minus the dummy's presence.

**SECOND-TIME-AROUND SEX**—You don't have to believe this if you don't want to, but it's a sex secret of the most famous madam in Chicago. According to this No. 1 pro, there is one sure-fire way to get a man hard fast after he's already come the first time. No, it's not by sucking his cock. Strange as it seems, Chicago's call girl queen insists that no man can resist having his fingers or toes caressed gently by a woman's lips and tongue.

**SWINGERS' MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT**—Nothing ruins a wife-swap or group sex party faster than a man who's a premature ejaculator. A newcomer to the swinging scene especially faces this problem as the excitement of the things he's about to take part in has him practically coming in his pants. Experienced group sex addicts have this tip to pass along: If you're married, make love to your wife before you leave for the party. If you're single, don't hesitate to masturbate before joining the group. Not only will you be a more satisfying lover to whatever new girl you're going to ball, but you'll enjoy your own first fling into multi-person sex by making that first fuck a memorable one.

**LESBIAN LUNCH BREAKS**—If you wonder where all the girls disappear to during auto factory lunch breaks, you might be interested to know that an estimated 20% skip their food in favor of a woman-to-woman sex session somewhere on the plant grounds. Promised complete anonymity, three girls in one New Jersey auto plant described how they spend their mid-day off-time. "My friend and I usually stake out a little-used stock room, then make a beeline for it when the bell rings," explained one 23-year-old blonde. "We lock the door behind us and strip down as fast as we can. For the remainder of the lunch hour, we go at each other any way that fits our mood. I may climb up on a shipping



table, spread my legs, then let my friend eat me out or, if she's super-horny, I'll go to work on her. Hell, we've even improvised with such things as water hoses (wrapped in condoms, of course) as 'made in Detroit' dildos." Those not lucky enough to find an empty office often settle for the back of a van or panel truck in the company parking lot. In any case, the motors never stop humming at most automobile factories, even when the assembly line shuts down for chow.

(Continued from page 85)

ping away like a steam piston.

"For Christssake," I told him. "Slow, slow, slow!"

He replied, "How are you gonna come that way?"

I begged, "Just for a little while, slow."

I could have faked it, but that's more trouble than it's worth. I got it off with him finally. When a man's inside you, of course, you don't want him slow. But if you're talking about what women do with each other, being good at being slow is what I do, and I never get any complaints from anyone.

\*\*\*\*\*

I'm with a man, a little skinny salesman, when all of a sudden I get a phone call. A little later Natalie comes up—this bosomy redhead—and I've got to tell the salesman he can't have his seconds. Natalie's got first call.

"You whores are all alike," he says. "You're all queer."

Natalie screams, "My God, I'm ruining everything," and picks up a knife and tries to cut her wrists. I get the knife away from her, and I'm very polite to the salesman: "Get the fuck out of here," I tell him.

And then I make love to Natalie, and pretty soon she's calm again, even happy for a while. And she can go back to her own place where, as I happen to know, she's got a mile-long list of guys waiting, exactly like that salesman, although some of them are better lays, and a lot of them are better Joes. I'm a call girl's call girl, in other words. Not just with Natalie, but with a lot of the pros around town.

It began when I was putting on a show with another girl, Mina, when we were doubling. I guess Mina noticed that I was making her feel good, because once when she was down she phoned me and made a date, just like any other trick. Most dates who call you just need to get laid. Call girls are different. A call girl's pussy is like nothing else in this world. It's full of extra muscles, and it fills up with blood a dozen times a day. If she doesn't come, that

blood knots up in there, congests, and then she can't come, and she feels like she wants to cry all over. I brought Mina's pussy down so that she could go back to work that first time. And since then I've gotten rather good at it. It's a priority trick for me.

All of which is fine, but this time with Natalie it got screwed up, because that particular salesman was so pissed off he tried to get me in trouble with the local authorities—who probably would have ignored him. Except, like a dope, the salesman gave his name, and it turned out his visit to me was paid for by the guys he was selling to, who had some kickback scheme rigged into their taxes. So instead of just subpoenaeing me, they raided me. And the night they came they happened to run into this brilliant, thirty-year-old lady lawyer—only she was working for a liquor commission on the East Coast, and it turned out that her visit was payola from a big liquor distributor.

All of a sudden I'm out of business. For a while, anyway. Now they've got me billed as the Kickback Queen of the Lesbians, although I never gave a damn where the money came from, and I'm not a lesbian, just a lesbian call girl. I can't go to the john without half the judges in the country asking me who was in there with me. But that's why I'm telling my end of the story now—and I wouldn't change a word of it.

I've found out a few things about sex, about women, and about men, too, that nobody could have taught me. And my time will come again. I'll tell you something: A lady newscaster interviewed me, and after the show she asked me if women really got off big that way. I said yes, and she said she'd like to talk to me further about it, later. Privately.

Things will settle down. I'll be there when she's ready.

And I still haven't had to ask my boyfriend for money. That's very important to me. I don't know why, but it is. (Taped in Los Angeles during the week of March 16th-26th, 1977.)



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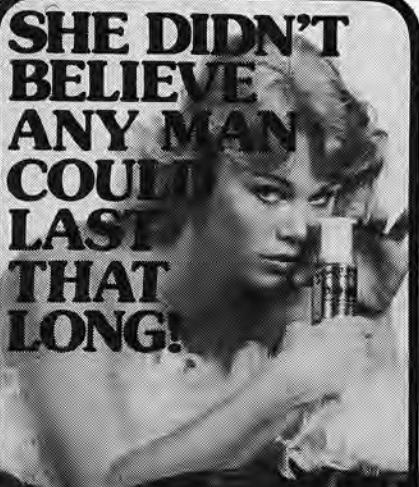
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# RITA'S ANGLE

**When a girl comes on so hot, so fast and so easy, you know something's got to be wrong. And I did know, but I was too busy balling to wonder what.**

**by WAYNE C. ULSH**

**H**eaded out of Washington I was, in P.G. County, on my bike. It's a Honda, 750 CCs, right out of the shop. I'm a biker, but I'm not into flame-painted choppers, shit like that. Or belonging to some outlaw motorcycle club. I'm my own man. I ride by myself and think for myself. Anyway, I've got the worst of the fuckin' D.C. traffic behind me, and I'm started to open her up, enjoying the fine spring morning, when I see the girl.

Yeah, a chick.

Her car's sitting on the shoulders, with a flat and she's leaning against a fender, arms folded, doing nothing about it. She's special, I see that right off. Young, pretty and put together inside a polo shirt and cut-off jeans. I pull the Honda off behind the car, thinking that the chick's just now got the flat. Otherwise, some other Good Samaritan would already be there. Right? I stop, shut down the bike's mill, prop it on its stand, climb off. Then I head toward the chick. She's watching me come, smiling like I'm



Art By Jose Reyes



---

## I pull her blouse over her head . . . her breasts are beautiful, satin in my hands . . . I gently bite the nipples as she moans and writhes in pleasure.

---

a lifesaver. But there's more: She's checking me out, too, looking me up and down.

"Trouble, huh?" I say.

"Yeah," the chick says. Sweet little lost-child voice.

I glance at the car. "That'll teach you to buy a Vega," I say.

"Yeah," she says.

"So why haven't you fixed the flat?"

"Hey, I just drive 'em, I don't fix 'em."

Helpless broad, I think. Score minus one. Most chicks today are pushing the self-reliant role. I like a gal that can take care of herself. This little dumbbell apparently couldn't.

"How'd it happen?" I say.

A shrug. "I dunno. It just went flat."

"Yeah," I say. "Well . . ." As long as I'm there . . . I get the tools out of the rear of the Vega and change the flat. Traffic whirs by, and I do the job quickly. When I'm done, I put everything away and stand there with my greasy hands.

"How can I thank you?" the chick says.

And that gives me pause for thought.

I'll tell you, while I'm working, I've been taking looks at her. And liking what I see. Lots of blonde, shimmery hair. Small, firm breasts, nipples poking at her shirt. And great buns. High, taut, rounded. Panty lines showing. I'm an ass man, and it doesn't take much to get me imagining, wondering. . . . I've already decided: I'd like to see that ass bare.

So I answer the chick's question. "How can you thank me? We could fuck."

I figure she'll say no, back off. Right? But she doesn't. She touches a hand to my arm, looks me in the eye, and says, "Fine. Super."

My cock twitches.

"Where?" I say, maybe not yet fully convinced. It's coming a little too easy.

"Where?" she says. "Oh . . . Hell, now that the car's fixed, follow me."

I follow her. She gets in the Vega, I climb back on the Honda, and we go. A few miles up the road we come to Savage. Savage is a cabbage patch of a town about halfway between D.C. and Baltimore. There, the chick drives the Vega into an alley between backyards and houses. She stops and I stop. She stays in the car, behind the wheel, and I get off the bike and stroll up next to the rolled-down window. "Get in," she says.

"Here?" I say, looking around. "It's kinda . . ."

"Not too private? Yeah, but that'll make it more fun, won't it?"

I go around and get in the other side of the Vega. "What's your name?" I say to the chick. "Rita," she says. "I'm Tom," I say. And then Rita comes into my arms. Her lips are soft and her breath is warm. But then I start feeling her breasts, and



both her nipples and her mouth get hard and thrust at me, demanding. We decide to move into the rear seat. There, I pull her shirt up over her head and off. Her breasts are beautiful. Satin in my hands. I bite the nipples, and she clutches my head, holds it between the mounds of flesh. "Oh, Tom . . ." She trembles. I lower my hands to her cut-offs, unsnap and unzip. She lifts her hips, and I push the jeans down. Then the panties. Her pubic hair is a glossy light brown, the cheeks of her ass, soft white little melons. I trace the crack with a finger, come up into her crotch from behind. She is wetting, heated, mossy. She says my name again, moans and writhes. Her eyes are shut, her head lolled back. "Yeah!" she breathes. "Oh yeah. God . . ."

Fingers flying, Rita gets me naked. She takes off everything but my socks, my watch, and the beads around my neck. My cock is hard by the time she's done that. It doesn't need any special attention from her. But she gives it anyway. "Ooooh," she says. She surveys the six plus inches of my length, then she closes both hands about it. She holds and strokes it a little, and then she dips her head down and kisses its tip. A drop oozes out of my penis and she licks it off. Then she opens her mouth and takes just the tip of my penis in her mouth. She knows what to do, runs her tongue around the head till she's got sensations rippling up and down the shaft of the penis and deep into my groin. All the time I'm staring at her beautiful ass and idly running a hand over the soft skin of one cheek, then the other. The chick's got me in sweet agony, and thinking's the last thing I want to do. But something's gnawing at me. She's coming on too fast, it's too easy—all I did was fix her fucking flat—and I've got to wonder.

"Why?" I say.

"Huh? Don't talk, baby. Not now." That around my penis.

I pull her mouth away from it, make her lift her eyes to mine.

"I just have to know," I say. "Why are you letting me fuck you?"

"Hey, you know why. C'mon, baby." She lowers her mouth to my cock again, nipping with her teeth.

"I don't buy it," I say. "You're just paying me back, I mean. There's got to be more to it than that. Either you're a fucking nymphomaniac or you got an angle. Right, Rita? Which is it?"

She pulls away from my cock on her own then. She sits back, looks at me, clearly perturbed. "Which?" she says. "Neither. Say, what is it with you? You always look a gift horse in the mouth? I want to fuck and you want to dig around in my head. Hey, okay. There is more: I dig you. I dig you and I dig your body, and I want to do it with you. You don't then climb out. Get on your fuckin' scooter and split. Who needs this shit?"

Anger. Hot eyes, mouth a line. I decide she means it. I buy it. Listen, I've been burned a time or two, thus the caution. But then chicks have grooved on me before too. Not quite this fast, this soon, but why not? Huh?

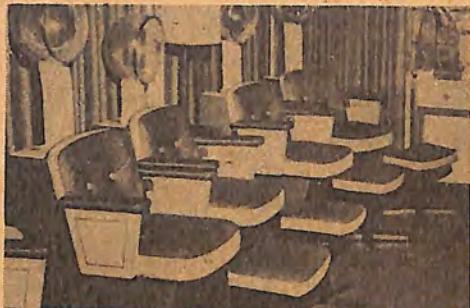
That's what I tell myself. Besides, I want Rita back on my cock. I smile, shrug. "Sorry," I say. "Just curious. You know?" Rita accepts it, softens—and returns to my penis. I can't take much more of her sucking, actually. I have to coax her off. But she doesn't mind. She comes up on my lap happily, astride me, legs tucking up under my arms. She has me finger her clitoris for thirty seconds or so, and then she grasps my cock and drops down on it. I impale her. I go up into her, slicing and sluicing, and I nearly go off then. I have to hold back. She's aware. Settled in place, she sits motionless a little while, just kissing and nuzzling my face. I fondle her breasts. Finally she says, "Okay. now?"

"Go for a ride," I say.

Rita goes for a ride. Up and down, and around, her world revolving about my pole. She has a time of it. Sighs, moans, laughs, then has an orgasm and actually cries out, shouts. I look around. Nothing's going down in the alley, but it's almost high noon, and something could happen. I close my eyes and fuck. It's getting to me now. I've had a few chicks, my share as they say, but none quite like this one. I mean, the situation, how fast it's come about and the setting—that's part of it. But it's her too, I realize. This Rita. I open my eyes and look at her. Really pretty. Really grooving on me. Makes me feel good. Thoughts I don't allow myself too often flit through my head. Maybe it will last with this chick. She and I. Permanence. The whole bit. I like the idea. Yeah.

And then I'm coming. Jesus. Ain't never had a come like this one either. The pressure is just tremendous down there. Like I'm gonna blow up. My first spurt is like a shot from a rifle. I jerk, groan, sink my hands into Rita's ass. Other spurts

(Continued on page 92)



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## RITA'S ANGLE

Continued from page 90

follow. Lord, lord, there's no end to it. It's beautiful. "Oh, Rita," I say. I don't want it to end, not ever.

"Oh, Tom. Baby, baby . . ." Her neither, I think.

But end it does. I stay hard for a while in her and even after I go soft, the chick's in no hurry to climb off me. We cling, heads together, getting our breathing back to normal, stuff like that. After a few minutes, though, she does pull away from me. She puts a finger to my nose and says, "Dear Tom. I do have to go now."

"Why?" I say.

"A girl has to . . . clean up. You know." She flicks her eyes to her crotch.

"Oh," I say. "Yeah."

Rita quickly gets into her clothes. "It's been super," she says. "Can I have a . . . a souvenir?"

"A sou . . .?" I shake my head and look around. "You live in one of these houses?" I say.

"Yeah." She nods toward one to my right, on up the alley a little.

"With who?"

"Uh, my folks. Mom and Dad."

"So can't I come around and see you sometime?"

"Well, uh . . ."

"Whataya mean, 'Well, uh'?"

"Well, I mean, sure, sure. You can come around. Sure, Tom."

I look at her, trying to pin her eyes down. She looks everywhere but at me. "Till then though," she says, "I'd still like to have a souvenir. A sort of remembrance, you know?" Her eyes go to go my neck then. "How about the necklace?"

"No," I say. "It's special. One of a kind."

Rita's hand reaches out to where my clothes lie. She holds up my undershorts, jockey type. "Are these special?" She grins. "I mean, you got more than one pair of these, right?"

"Uh, right."

"Well . . .?"

I shrug. "Okay, take the damn things."

Rita stabs my mouth with a kiss. And then she's got the door of the Vega open and is outside. She leans in up front and pulls the keys from the ignition. Then she leans in the back again, looks at me and says, "Thanks again, for fixing the flat. Thanks for everything, Tom."

"I'll be seeing you," I say.

"Sure," she says. "Drop around. Anytime." And then, carrying my shorts, she goes up the alley, through a gate in a fence and across a backyard to the rear of the house she nodded at before. I watch her sweet ass roll all the way and don't know what to think. What the fuck? I mean, just what the fuck? Why the hasty goddamn withdrawal and the vagueness about the future? A numpho, I think again. Or a chick with an angle . . .

I dress quickly and get out of the car. I don't go to my bike. I walk to the gate and through the yard to the house. It's not much of a place. Kinda shabby, the yard too, garbage cans and other shit sitting around. The house is a rambler. Rita has disappeared through a screen door in the back. I creep up to it. The door inside is open, and I can hear voices. Not see, but hear:

Rita is saying, "Why? I'll tell you why. Because I'm sick to fuckin' death of the whole thing. Livin' here in your old man's house. Holdin' down a job I hate to support you. Watchin' you drink yourself to death. Listenin' to your goddamn excuses for not bein' able to find work."

A young guy's voice breaks in then, tired, exasperated: "It's been a little rough since Nam. Remember? Especially for guys like me."

"Guys like you," Rita says scornfully. "You sure didn't have any trouble finding a girl to fuck besides your wife, though, did you?"

"I told you about that, Rita. A thousand times. It just happened. I was out in the yard. She came by. She was high on pot. We came inside, and she just threw herself at me. She took her clothes off. Shit, she's always had the hots for me, ever since we

(Continued on page 94)



"Well, so much for position 44."

# THAT'S THE LAW

**GARAGE TALE**—Out for a night at the movies with your wife, you leave your car in a convenient parking garage and head for the theater, leaving your keys with the attendant so he can move it if necessary. At the end of a pleasant evening, you return to the garage and your good mood vanishes. The attendant cannot find your car and tells you it must have been stolen. Outraged, you now demand reimbursement for the replacement cost of the car. But he says no, and shows you the small print on the receipt you received when you left the car. It says, "NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THEFT OR DAMAGE." Can he avoid responsibility so simply?

**No he can't, held an Illinois Court.** Such glib disclaimers carry no legal weight. Since it was an attended garage, the management had a duty to take reasonable care of the property left in its charge. Because it did not, it must make restitution. The only situation in which that disclaimer would have been binding, is if the parking lot had been unattended. Then it would have served as a warning to the driver that he parked at his own risk.

**BUT NOT LEASED**—Looking for nothing but peace and quiet, you rent a house in a sparsely populated area and move in. A few weeks later, you wake up to the din of heavy excavation equipment outside your window. Upon investigation, you learn that a new high-rise is going up next door. When you attempt to break your lease, the landlord takes you to court to stop you. You point out that the landlord must have known of the coming project when he rented you the house and should have told you. He admits that he did, but argues that there was nothing he could do to stop it. How will the court rule?

**You may move out without penalty, said a New Jersey court.** According to the terms of the lease, you are entitled to "the quiet enjoyment" of your lodgings and since you aren't getting it, that constitutes a violation of the land-

lord's side of the lease. In light of such a breach, you cannot be held to your side.

**ONE TOO MANY**—Letting your lust get the better of your good sense, you sit down for lunch with two girls you have just met and invite them both to your apartment that evening for what you promise will be a mutually satisfying *menage a trois*. But evidently your chutzpah is greater than your charm because the girls promptly walk out on you—on their way to the police station where they report your indecent proposition. Since you never laid a glove on them, is there anything you can be charged with?

Yes there is, because you unfortunately happen to live in Kansas, where even a purely verbal proposition to a woman is against the law. Had you confined your attentions to just one woman, it would have been her word against yours and you could have walked free. But the testimony of the second woman provides the corroborative evidence necessary to make the charge stick.

**THE SPLIT**—You and your girl have been living together for five years. Together you've accumulated a house full of furniture, a horse and two cars. Since your income as a lawyer is much higher than hers as a waitress, you've paid most of the cost of these purchases, although she has contributed whatever she could. When the two of you decide to pack in the relationship, is she entitled to 50% of the things you both bought, or is it divided up according to the amounts that each of you paid?

Split it down the middle, decided a California court. You were living together substantially as a husband and wife do, and the fact that you had not bothered to legalize the situation does not materially change the necessity for sharing your mutually acquired goods as you shared your lives.

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(Continued from page 92).

were kids. You know that. She's a good-lookin' chick, too. So what could I do? I'm human, you know."

"All I know is you fucked her."

Silence.

Then Rita says, "She musta kept her eyes closed."

A pause, then the guy: "That's nice, Rita. Real goddamn nice."

More silence. Then Rita again: "In a way, I'm glad I found out. It was just what I needed to push me over the edge. To make me go out and do what I did this morning."

"Yeah," the guy shoots back, anger in his voice now. "You went out and looked for it. I didn't do that."

"You're too fuckin' lazy. Too full of self-pity. Or you would."

Silence once more. Then, the guy: "If you feel the way you do, why don't you just leave? Get out?"

"Maybe I just will."

"And take your fuckin' evidence with you." The guy grunts, like he's throwing something, and I figure "your fuckin' evidence" is my undershorts. So I open the screen door and walk into the house.

Up until then, I haven't come down on either side of the argument. You know, Rita's or her husband's. It hasn't sounded like she has had all that much reason to go out and do what she's done. But then, on the other hand, maybe she has. Which of them are you gonna believe, right? She's used me, sure, but what the hell, not for anything I didn't want to be used for.

But then I see. . . . Well, my eyes take in all this: I'm in a kitchen. Rita's standing there, clutching my undershorts like she's just caught them. The guy is sitting at the kitchen table. In front of him are an ashtray jammed with cigarette butts and a half-empty bottle of wine. He's almost handsome, but his face doesn't hold my attention. He has his hands on the table—only he doesn't have any hands. What he has, attached to his wrists, are two hooks. Prosthetic hooks. He's holding a glass of wine in one of them and a cigarette in the other. I look, automatically look away, then force myself to look back at them.

"Where'd that happen?" I ask. "In Nam?"

"Yeah," the guy says. "You there?"

"I was, brother."

He sizes me up for a moment, then says, "You belong to the skivvies, huh?"

"Yeah," I say. "And I'm sorry, man. Truly sorry."

"No," he says. "It's all right. Forget it."

But it's not all right. And I won't forget it. Because, you see, I've made up my mind by then: Rita's husband has paid the price. As far as I'm concerned, he can sit on his ass and do nothing the rest of his life if he chooses. He's earned it. Nobody asked him if he wanted to get his hands blown off. Nobody thanked him afterwards, probably. Nobody made it worth his while—that's for sure. His fucking country couldn't even win the war he was fighting for it. And now it's "no, thanks, we don't have a job for you. Not for you. No way. Get lost. Don't remind us. We don't want to remember." I know, because I've been down that road too. So, I don't care, Rita. All the sad stories in the world won't wash. You've done wrong, cunt.

I turn to the chick. "I was right," I say. "You had an angle. And what a fucking angle." I pull the undershorts from her hand. Then I slap her face, hard. And step back. Looking at her husband again, I say, "Sorry, man. About the first. About that too. But . . . ."

"I understand."

"What a fucking actress," I say. "Hey, and I'll bet you let the air out of the tire too, didn't you?"

"Yeah, but listen. About the acting. It started out bein' that, I admit. But at the end it was different." She takes a step toward me. "I'm gonna be leaving' him, baby. You and me, we could. . . ."

"Rita," I say, "blow it out your ass."

I split, slamming the door. *And what an ass, I think. What a fucking shame.* I hurry out to my bike and get on. I start it with a roar and roll it out of the alley. I go too fast getting out of Savage, make a lot of noise. The heat might come down on me, but I don't give a shit. That's the way I am when something makes me remember the war and I get mad. It'll take me a while to get over it too. It always does. ▀



"And just what the hell are you doing for our retirement?"

## FOREPLAY

Continued from page 35

at the same time it was very smooth, no friction, no pain . . . I still shudder when I think about what it felt like."

**A Man's Top Extra:** A male's most sensitive area is the underside of the penis, particularly at the spot where the head of the penis and the shaft are joined; oral sex adroitly directed at this spot has a "never miss" record. But for those into advanced and extra foreplay, targeting here is only a beginning. Oral sex must be continued to and *past* climax, and the semen should be swallowed for maximum male satisfaction: "After he came we were just lying there, with him still in my mouth," said Iris. "But he was still half-hard. I started sucking again . . . He said, 'No, I can't,' but he did. He came again."

This "multiple climax for men" is a physiological reality most guys never find out about. Though it can happen in intercourse as well, it is far more common in extended foreplay—and, incidentally, is an enormous kick for the women involved, who frequently add their own spontaneous climaxes from the excitement of having super-pleased their men. "The best way to do it," Iris added, "is with real slow sucking. I like that feeling when he's had so many climaxes he can hardly move. It makes me feel strong . . . ."

**Wet Ones:** "I found it when I was masturbating as a little girl," Darlene said. "But having a man there, watching, and helping . . . It was just the most *sensual* experience of my life." The practice she described was reported by more than 25% of these more adventuresome women, and consisted, in her case, of lying in a bathtub, turning on the tap, and lifting her vagina to the flow of water to produce climax.

But wet variations take many forms. They may include not only the finger masturbation, breast stimulation and oral sex which Darlene reported as accompanying her "wet one," but also the use of douches and needle showers, or oiling the body with baby oil or suntan lotion. Simply soaping up in a shower, researchers report, can sometimes take over an hour for a suitably wet-involved woman and her man.

**Two Hands:** When, during foreplay, male stimulation of the clitoris occurs, it is much more exciting if the man uses both hands in the vagina at the same time. A recommended technique: One hand with the fingers completely within the vagina, the other with the fingers concentrating on the frontal lips and clitoris. "It makes you feel completely dominated," Elizabeth said, "and filled, and that's the feeling a woman wants in sex. I don't care how independent you are in the rest of your life."

**Enemas:** Though endorsed by only a small percentage of women, the giving of enemas as a part of foreplay is also, for them, a source of immense satisfaction.

**Pleasuring:** The term "pleasuring" stems from group sex and refers to a prac-

tice in which every member of a party will concentrate on simultaneously providing maximum response for the person he or she is focussing on. But there is pleasuring in two-person play too, notably in a practice where one partner lies passive, and the other improvises or follows instructions. "My breasts are so big they dangle right down," said Gloria, a sexually active divorcee. "Most men just play with them, but I want more. I read about 'pleasuring.' When it was my turn, I made him keep squeezing, sucking, biting. It took a whole half hour; they hurt it was so long. But it gave me what I wanted. Climax after climax, but more. That feeling in the breasts I'd always known was there. Then it was his turn . . ." This active-passive relationship, researchers add, is, like the "dirty talk" mentioned previously, also an excellent way to get rid of inhibitions, and give into the most forbidden aspects of sex, which are often also the most rewarding.

**Biting, Scratching, Spanking:** Dora recounted her experience with punitive sex. "I liked being hurt, just as much as I liked hurting him. Nothing much had been happening till then. But I got this impulse, and I raked my nails up and down his back. I did it a couple of times, and finally he pulled my pants down and started to spank me. Then he got into it, and he really spanked me hard . . . I'm no freak, I swear I'm not, but I wasn't feeling anything up till that started. And after that we just tore into each other. I was feeling responses right up to the roots of my hair." This is one of the forbidden areas most often opened up by extended foreplay. Some researchers theorize that the strains of everyday life require this "aggressive" response; others, simply that too much "gentle" sex can make the body "numb," so that stronger stimulation is

needed for a new plateau of excitement.

**Fetishes:** "The smell of a man's jock to me does the same thing looking at a girl's ass does for a man," Ellen said. "It really turns me on." This represents fetish involvement, substitution of a sex symbol for a sex object, and it plays an important role in much extended foreplay. The sexual use of women's panties, high heeled shoes, long hair, leather belts, or even sanitary napkins, may not be for everyone, but, as Ellen who at 34 still makes love with her husband up to two and three times a day, puts it: "Whatever does it for you, that's nobody's business but your own."

**Heat:** "When I got that feeling in my chest, and then he played with my nipple, it went clear through me," Monica remembered. "I told him, 'Put it on heavier, I want it to really burn . . .' The technique is simple, the use of a heat rub (In Monica's case, Ben-Gay), to increase sensitivity, but the effect can be unmistakeable and immediate.

Like other techniques in this compilation, however, the use of "heat" first becomes effective when it is applied after a certain minimum level of excitement has been reached. As researchers Ferrier and Wall agreed, despite the quickness of female response, it is the cumulative buildup of sexual excitement that counts most.

Summing up these techniques, Ferrier and Wall noted that, they are not meant to replace conventional sex, but to add to it, and what they add most is vastly increased excitement. For women who have felt that ordinary preliminaries no longer provide the necessary stimulation, the difference has meant not merely a more extended form of foreplay, but a whole world of deeper sex experience to go with it, and a far more explosive reward in climactic orgasm response.



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# Just Between Us

## once-a-month lesbians

I don't know how many other women who read STAG came up, as I did, through the high school sorority route. In any case, I'd like to let you in on something I've kept a secret, even from my husband. One night every month—and it's been going on for 15 years now—I spend my "evening with the girls" really getting it on with the girls. No, I'm not a lesbian, and I don't even consider myself a real bisexual since I don't make it with women at any other time except for my monthly sorority get-togethers. It all started with my initiation into the most desirable sorority back in high school. When I was tapped for it, I was ready to bust for joy. What I never even dreamed of was what form the initiation would take. I arrived at the sorority house, was blindfolded at the door, then led up a flight of stairs to the bedroom level. I could hear a lot of giggling going on, but had no idea what it was all about. I began to get the idea the minute I was grabbed from behind, thrown across a bed and felt a dozen hands begin to strip my clothes from me. When I was completely nude, my arms and legs were spreadeagled and I was tied to the four bedposts at my wrists and ankles. Suddenly I felt another person get on the bed with me and, before I could even begin to imagine what was going to happen, a girl's naked body straddled over my head, her butt toward my face, her head fac- ing my toes. Slowly, the girl lowered herself until her cunt hairs began to tickle my lips then, without warning, the cunt itself was pressed firmly against my mouth. I heard the president of the sorority, who must have been standing next to the bed, give me a one-word order, "Suck!" Scared to attempt what I had never done before in my life, but more scared not to obey and be blackballed from the group, I opened my mouth and gathered the already-wet, musky crotch between my lips. Instinctively, my tongue began running around the outer edges, coming to rest on the girl's clit. I knew I had hit it when I felt her begin to buck like a wild horse. It didn't take more than 30 seconds before she exploded in my mouth. She immediately got up, only to be replaced by another nude sorority sister. Again I was ordered to "suck," and again I brought the girl riding me to a giant orgasm. This went on until I had pleasured every girl in the group—17 of them. When the last girl climbed off, leaving me exhausted, my jaws aching, I suddenly felt the most marvelous sensation between my parted legs. One of the girls had slipped between my thighs and was tonguing me the way I had been ordered to accommodate the others. One after another they tantalized me with their more knowledgeable tongues, bringing

This is the forum in which STAG readers can air any opinions, ideas or unusual experiences they want to get off their chests. STAG will withhold names and addresses on request. Send all correspondence to "Just Between Us", STAG, Magazine Management Co., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

me to a miraculous 17 orgasms. At that point, my blind-fold was removed and I was embraced and kissed passionately on the mouth by the entire sorority—a warm welcome into their midst. Since then, we continued to meet one night a month, engaging in the same girl-to-girl lovemaking we had shared at the initiation. This custom carried over to our later life, after graduation, and still is observed by those of us who still live in town—most of whom are married and raising families by now. Not even my husband realizes my one-night-a-month with my sorority sisters consists of a sex romp that would blow his mind if he had so much as an inkling.

J.L.  
Phoenix, Ariz.

## my brother's wedding night minus one

Although I'm five years older than my brother, we've been very close all our lives. With both parents working, we were left on our own a good part of the time, and I was the one usually entrusted to look out for the two of us whenever mom and dad were out of the house. We had never, in all our growing up, had any kind of sex play between us, even though each of us had every once in a while surprised the other in the act of masturbating, and had occasionally walked in on the other while one of us was in the bathtub or on the pot. A few years ago I married and was out of the house for a time, but after my husband and I split, I moved back in with the folks. Well, this year Bob announced he was getting married and the place was in a continuous state of excitement. We all knew the girl and everything looked like roses for my brother. Then three weeks ago, the night before the wedding, I was stretched out in bed reading. I didn't realize it was so late until I heard a tap on my door. I glanced at the clock and saw it was 1:00 a.m. "Come in," I called, and there was Bob in his robe and pajamas. "What's wrong," I asked. "Sis," he said, "I'm scared." And he was. I could see him actually shaking. "What is it?" I asked again. "Well," he finally got out, "I've hinted to Elsie (his bride to be) that I've had quite a lot of sex experience over the last few years. We decided not to go all the way before we got married, and now she's looking forward to my teaching her everything she has to know. And, hell, sis, I really don't know a hell of a lot. In fact, I'm

still a virgin!" We just stared at each other for a long time, neither one of us quite knowing how to cope with what he had confessed. All I know is that I got a lump in my throat just aching because of what was torturing the hell out of him. And the same time, I began to feel an excited kind of ache between my legs and in my nipples. It had been months since I had had any sex myself and, bringing the subject up head-on like he had, opened up a Pandora's Box as far as I was concerned. It didn't take me long to make a decision. "Bob," I whispered, reaching out to hold his hand. "Would you really like me to help?" The look in his eyes as he picked his head up was all I needed. Without thinking any further, I threw back my covers, revealing that I slept in the nude, then drew him down on the bed next to me. I fumbled with his robe, opening it wide, then unfastened his pajamas. His cock was big and stiff and pulsing with blood racing through it. I reached for it gently, stroking it with my fingertips, up and down. He jumped as if I had put a live wire to his skin, then settled back on the pillow. I took his hand and placed it on my erect nipple, then pressed directly up against his body. His hand needed no further urging. It slipped down between my legs, parted my soaked lips, then slid all the way in. I writhed around on his tender stroking, coming at once from the excitement of the scene. Finally, I raised myself up and explained I was going to teach him how to use his mouth and how he should instruct Elsie to use hers. In no time, he fell naturally into the rhythm of mutual oral sex, curving into my body with his, each of us sucking on the other's genitals. I let him explode inside my mouth and let him watch while I swallowed it all. After licking him clean, and coming again against his tongue, we lay back in each other's arms to relax. It didn't take too long before my fingers soon had produced another giant hardon, and now the time had come to let him have his first real all-the-way sex. I stretched out on my back, guided him over me and pointed his cock at my cunt. "Go in gently," I whispered, "let it sink all the way in before you start pumping hard." He was a marvelous student and before the next two hours were gone, he had fucked me admirably twice. For the rest of his instruction, I whispered all the erotic possibilities I could think of, hoping he'd remember at least half of them, knowing he'd improvise the rest. We finally kissed each other goodnight, then Bob returned to his room. The wedding went off as planned and Bob and Elsie left immediately for their honeymoon. I was on pins and needles until their two-week holiday was over, but it took only one look at Elsie's starry-eyed face and the confident wink

from Bob to let me know everything had gone off A-OK.

J.F.  
South Bend, Ind.

### round-the-world annie calling

A lot of my fellow truckers are having a ball with their CB radios, now that the craze has caught on with the "civilian" world. They're getting involved with all kinds of people who just can't seem to get enough of the crazy, code-happy messages they can send and receive anywhere in their radio band's radius. Sure, I've had my share of hijinks with the CB, but for the last two months, I've been getting down to some serious business. One night when I was pushing my tractor-trailer down I-95, I caught this wild transmission, "Hello out there! This is Round-The-World Annie calling anyone tuned in. Come in, please!" Just for the hell of it, I picked up the mike and shot back, "Round-The-World Annie, this is Bungle Bennie. I read you five by five." Before we finished tossing quips up and back, "Annie" asked me to pull off the highway at the first exit, take the second dirt road to the left, then look for a car's blinking headlights. I was way ahead of schedule and intrigued, so I cut out of I-95 and made my turns. Sure enough, about a mile down the dirt road I was greeted by a succession of headlight blinkings a short way off the road. I pulled over and found myself behind a deserted barn, face-to-face with "Round-The-World Annie." She turned out to be a fantastically built blonde, about 26, driving a Datsun 280Z. When I pulled up, she hopped out of her seat, opened the door to my cab and climbed aboard. Before I could even say hello, her mouth was glued to mine, her breasts plastered against my chest and her hands groping for the zipper of my fly. As soon as she pulled my swelling cock from my pants, she transferred her mouth from my lips to my rod and proceeded to work it over like no one had ever done before. Sensing I was going to explode, she pulled away and asked, "Do they call you 'Bungle Bennie' for a reason?" I could take the hint, and in a couple of seconds I flipped her over, stripped down her jeans and panties, wet her back door with my tongue, then eased my cock inside. After her first resistance, her ass just seemed to expand like a feather cushion, taking me all the way in. Then, to my surprise, she took the whole length of my hard-on into her throat for one delicious swallow, then released it and impaled herself right on its tip. For what seemed like hours we moved in perfect rhythm until we both came and, even before I removed my cock, she came one more time. From that night on, I signal Annie whenever I'm in the neighborhood and she manages to get out to meet me behind that same barn. I don't know how she does it, because she's married, but I don't ask questions. All I can say is, "God bless Marconi!"

H.G.

Macon, Georgia

To CB or not to CB is not the question. The real issue is how to keep a

good thing to yourself without any of your fellow truckers getting in on the action. Or does the lady have full run of the airwaves?

### water sports at 35,000 feet

We must have been about halfway across the country from New York to California when I got the urge to use the Plane's lavatory. Walking to the rear, I found an unoccupied can, stepped in, then bolted the latch. Or so I thought. Standing there in the slightly bucking plane, I turned in surprise as the door opened and a gorgeous blonde stewardess framed herself in the doorway. We looked at each other for a long moment, my urine still pouring into the bowl as I held it aimed properly. Then, instead of saying, "I'm sorry," and stepping back out, the stewardess took a quick look behind her, came completely inside and bolted the latch securely. Without saying a word, she removed my hand from my cock, took up the firing position and continued to direct my stream into the aluminum receptacle. By the time I had squeezed out the last drop, my cock was stiffening in her fingers at an alarming rate. She smiled at what was happening, then pushed me aside for a moment, lifted her skirt, and plunked her butt down on the toilet. In a few seconds I heard the tinkling sound made by her urine splashing into the pot to mix with mine. I stared in fascination until she finished, then watched as she pulled several sheets of toilet paper from the dispenser. However, instead of wiping herself, she handed the paper to me, motioning for me to clean her up. With my fully erect cock almost stabbing her in the face, I knelt and gently dabbed her cunt, making sure to leave it dry and clean. When I finished, she unbuckled my trousers, let them fall around my ankles, then leaned forward to suck my cock. Her mouth was incredibly moist and gentle, her tongue easing its way down the entire length, then even further below to caress my balls. When she felt me tighten in anticipation of coming, she slid one finger down the crack of my ass until the tip hit the hole. Firmly she pulled me towards her, her finger working its way deeper and deeper inside. When she was completely in, she gave an extra push, releasing all the juice that had been building up in me. Without losing a drop, she swallowed the entire load, even milking my cock down several times to catch the last few drippings. Still not saying a word to me, she got up, straightened her clothes, kissed me on the lips and slipped out of the lavatory. I waited a few minutes before returning to my seat, hoping my wife hadn't noticed anything different about the flushed look I felt my face must be sporting. My anonymous 35,000-foot blowjob stacks up against any I've had in the pretty swinging kind of life I've led.

L.I.  
Yaphank, N.Y.

It looks as if the kind of service some airlines knock themselves out to give can blow a guy's mind—among other things.

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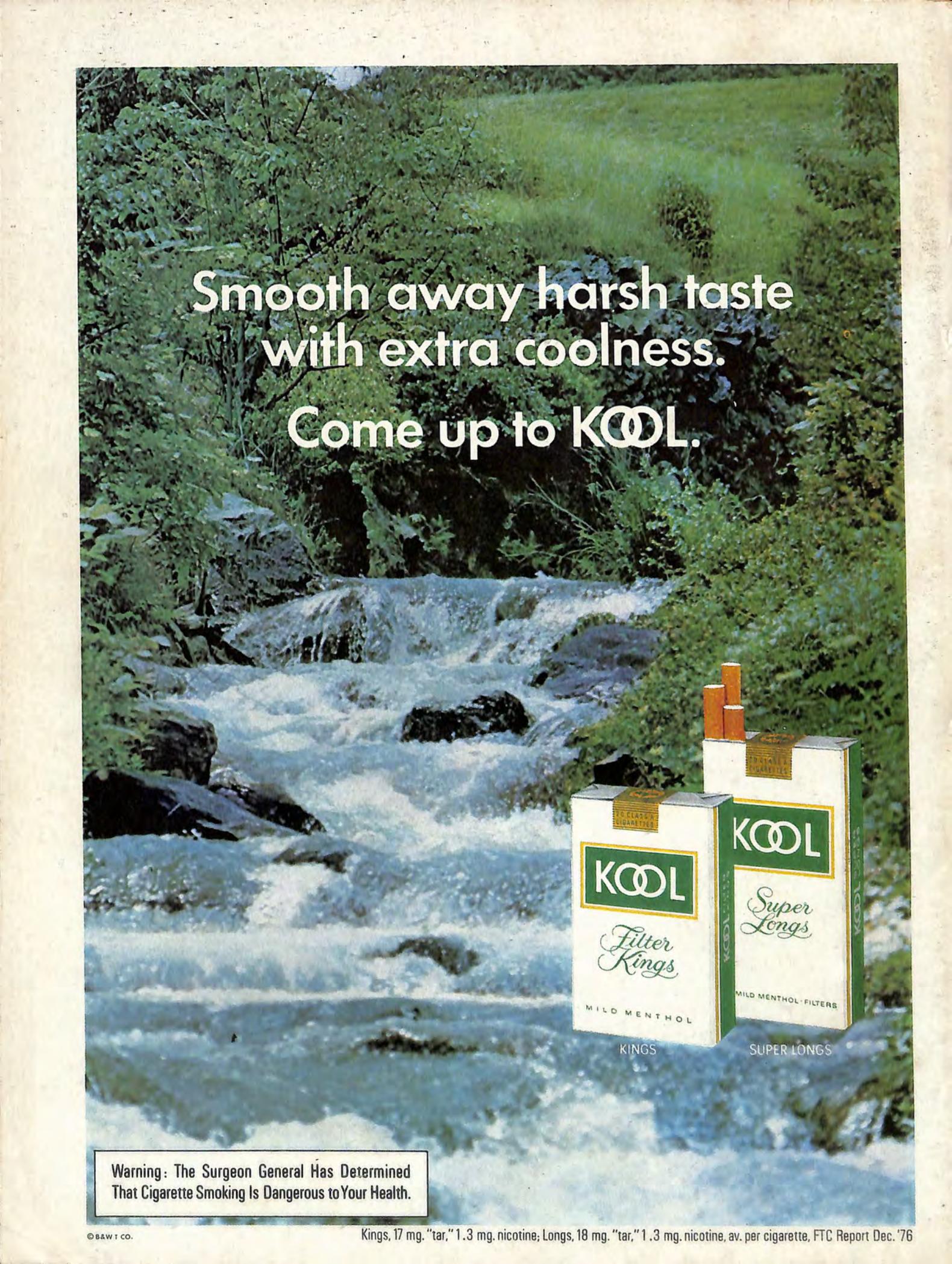
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